TWELVE VIEWS
OF
HEAVEN

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TWELVE VIEWS OF HEAVEN.

"There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've cross'd Time's river—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But 'there' pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share:
When we, in turn, away have pass'd,
What joyful greetings wait us there—
Across the river!"

TWELVE VIEWS

OF

HEAVEN.

BY

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.	ROBT. S. CANDLISH, D.D.
HENRY ALLON.	JAMES PARSONS.
R. W. HAMILTON, D.D.	JAMES SPENCE, D.D.
WILLIAM CHALMERS, M.A.	JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.
JAMES WONNACOTT.	WILLIAM JAY.
&c.,	&c., &c.

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Hymn of a SPIRIT *faintly borne on the echoes from farthest heaven; soft and plaintive harp-music.*

"Lord, have mercy, Lord, receive me
In the mansions of the blest;
Cleanse the stains of sin that grieve me,
Till Thy light illume my breast.
Alleluia!

"From Thy throne sublime of splendors,
Rear'd on suns divine, look down
On the servant who surrenders
Life, yet fears Thine awful frown.
Alleluia."

PREFACE.

IT is the purpose of the papers that make up the substance of this volume, to set before the Christian some striking and scriptural views of the heavenly world that may prove consolatory while "*this side the dark river.*"

Heaven is a glorious reality. Its attraction should be felt perpetually. It should overcome the force with which this world draws us to itself, and be to the believer an object of deep interest, of earnest hope, and of constant pursuit.

Thanks are presented to the Authors for their kind consent to publish the following papers, that the profits may be devoted to a benevolent object.

J. W.

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Our One Life has Two Homes.

By the REV. HENRY ALLON,
OF ISLINGTON.

"'Tis not for man to trifle! Time is short,
And sin is here.
Our life is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

"Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we,—
One, only one:—
How sacred should that one life ever be!—
That narrow span!—
Day after day fill'd up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

"O life below,—how brief, and poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh.
O life above—how long, how fair, and glad!
An endless joy.
Oh, to be done with daily dying here!
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

"O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue!
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth,
Each fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green,
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene."

BONAR.

2 Cor. v. 6–9.

"Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (for we walk by faith, not by sight:) we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him."

NO yearnings are so strong and so universal as those which solicit the life of the future. *That* we are to be hereafter has been the universal belief of humanity in even its most benighted conditions; *what* we are to be hereafter has been its most universal questioning in even its greatest enlightenment. It is, indeed, difficult to say which has been the strongest—the curiosity of ignorant superstition, or the curiosity of intelligent faith—the craving to know of the Pagan

or of the Christian, of Plato or of Paul. In this they have all agreed: that they have alike repudiated the notion that this intellectual and moral being can be extinguished by physical death; and they have all eagerly questioned whoever and whatever was likely to give them information concerning the invisible and spiritual world.

Whatever therefore specially directs our attention to the future life, stimulates this curiosity. It may be the spontaneous craving for knowledge of man's inquisitive thought; it may be the solicitudes which must more or less characterize moral beings placed as we are placed; it may be some great teaching or solemn appeal from the page of revelation; it may be some event of God's general providence in the earth, or it may be the close and cogent appeal of personal bereavement and sorrow—the removal from us of some object of our

love and joy, gone out of the palpable and sympathetic life of the present into the invisible and separated life of the future; the communion of home ended, and ourselves left to a solitude that no tears can relieve, no entreaties reverse. And we tremulously ask concerning our dead, "Man dieth and wasteth away; he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "What and where is this mysterious state of being that leaves me the inanimate form of my friend, unconscious of my grief, and corrupting in my embrace, but hinders my friend himself—his conscious loving soul, so tenderly solicitous for my joy—from responding to my passionate invocation by a single word or sign?" I imagine, I weep, I pray; but the grave gives no response, satisfies no curiosity, assures me of no conscious affection. Then it is that we the most eagerly crave information concerning our dead. We turn to every

oracle that proffers; we interrogate the intuitions of the soul, the symbols and premonitions of nature; we inquire of the reasonings of philosophy; we gather up all that God has revealed concerning it, and we surmise a thousand things that He has not.

We do not wonder, therefore, that such inquiries should be especially prominent in the apostolic age. The teaching of Christ and of the apostles gave an especial impulse to these feelings. It appealed emphatically to a spiritual nature; it insisted upon the supremacy and indestructibleness of the spiritual soul: it "brought life and immortality to light." The personal resurrection of Christ from the dead, and especially the promise of His second coming, brought the life of the future into very intimate contact with the life of the present, and filled men's minds and hearts with a thousand questions and specula-

tions, some, of course, born of mere curiosity, some, of spiritual faith and desire, some of weeping and bereaved affection. Therefore it is that, as contrasted with all previous Scripture, the epistles of the New Testament—those of Paul especially—are so full of allusions to the future life of both soul and body. The errors into which, in reference to these, the early Christians fell, led the apostle, in correcting them, to give a great deal of important and interesting information.

OUR LIFE IS NOT TWO, BUT ONE. It is the same life, "whether present or absent," in the body or out of it; on earth or in heaven. Our human life before and after the physical death of the body is not two lives, but one—one life under different conditions.

Now, simple and obvious as this seems when formally stated, it is really a concep-

tion of life that we very seldom realize. We admit it theoretically, but we do not feel it practically. We rather think of *two* different lives—we so often speak of life ending when the body dies, that we come practically to feel as if all of life that characterizes us ended then, and as if our existence hereafter would be an entirely new beginning, a radically different life, a kind of impalpable spiritual dreamy being, far removed from the reality and consciousness of our present life; we do not practically feel that it is strictly the same existence, our very present life, the perpetuation of our present consciousness, only in a different place and under different conditions, and that the change which we shall experience will be chiefly a change of state—that our inner life, exempt from temptation and sinful feeling, will be pretty much what it is here.

Now, what is it that men ordinarily

think of as their chief life? Is it not the vital principle of the mere physical body? The life of this sensuous compound of clay and gases? So long as this animal life continues, so long as we can walk, and eat, and speak, and perform animal functions, we call ourselves living men; so soon as these cease, we speak of ourselves as dead. But is that which constitutes the mere animal part of us really the living man? We know that it is not, we know that the intellectual thought, the social affection, the moral virtues of our friends are not identified with the body that sickens and dies, and that we put into the grave. This, according to the apostle's figure, is only the tabernacle, the habitation of the man; neither our physical body here, nor our spiritual body hereafter, constitutes the man himself, the proper person. And our confusion of thought and sorrow of heart about death arise chiefly

from the vague feeling that it does. If we always and vividly thought of the soul as the man, and of the body as only his vesture, we should not have the desolating thoughts and sorrowful feelings that death causes us now. We should think of our friend when the physical body dies, as but changing his habitation; we should look upon his corpse as but a deserted house—appealing to certain sentiments and associations, but nothing more. The life of man! Oh, it is not the mere physical vitality that sickness can impair, and death extinguish—it is the spiritual flame which God has enkindled, and which no physical changes can affect—it is the immortal spirit which is God's own breath, and which partakes of the inextinguishableness of His own being.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul immortal as its sire,
Can never die."

The outward covering of blood and tissue, of motion and sensitiveness, may lose its mysterious vitality—it may wither like a leaf, fall off like an old garment—but the essential man, in all his proper human thought and consciousness, remains—"unclothed," it is true, but to be "clothed upon" with another body, "a house which is from heaven"—more ethereal, more glorious than this, and better fitted to the conditions of the world of purity and blessedness to which it migrates. This spiritual and essential life of man physical death cannot touch. It touches only the sense which our senses apprehend; it cannot touch the spirit with which our spirits commune. The body "returns to the earth as it was, but the spirit returns to God who gave it"—lives in His heaven, in His presence—is "as the angels of God," who "cannot die any more."

And yet so material and sense-bound are

we, that we are far more affected by the unimportant death of the physical body than by the essential life of the indestructible spirit. It is evident, then, that just in proportion as Christian teaching and Christian spiritualness makes spiritual things real to us, we shall think less of the physical body as constituting man's life, and more of the spiritual soul. If we think of the physical as his life, we shall think of him as having two lives—a life of grosser sense here, a life of more refined sense hereafter. But if we think of the spiritual as man's true life, we shall never think of the physical death of the body as interrupting or essentially changing it; we shall think of it as still living on, as simply leaving the body which dissolves, and putting on a new body which will not dissolve, a spiritual instead of a sensuous body, an immortal instead of a mortal one. And when, as Paul did, we vividly realize this

—make this our fundamental and prominent recognition of man—then with him we shall be able to say, "Wherefore we labor, that whether present or absent," whether in this sensuous body or out of it, "we may be accepted of Him."

WHILE OUR LIFE IS NOT TWO, BUT ONE, OUR ONE LIFE HAS TWO HOMES.

We have not, says the apostle, two lives; but our one life has two bodies—a present and sensuous body, suited to our present earthly condition, and a future and spiritual body, suited to our future heavenly condition. The change that death works is not inward, but merely outward—a change of place and clothing, not of character. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven." We must, therefore, "be changed;" our new body adapted to our new mode of existence. Upon the holy dead—those who have undergone the

dissolution of physical death—the change must take place in the form of a bodily resurrection. That which is "sown in weakness shall be raised in power;" that which is "sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory;" that which is "sown a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body."

But upon those found alive when the Lord comes, the change will be wrought by a simple transformation; the mortal will be transformed into the immortal—the carnal into the spiritual. And this the apostles tell us is what we would personally desire—"Not to be unclothed, but clothed upon;" his "mortality swallowed up of life." The passage before us is strikingly parallel to his thought in the resurrection chapter. There he tells us, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump;" while those already dead shall be "raised incorrupti-

ble." Here he represents the "earthly tabernacle" as changed into "the heavenly house." There it is the "natural body" transformed into the "spiritual body;" here it is "mortality swallowed up of life."

Now, concerning both these habitations of the soul the apostle tells us that they are *homes.* There *is the home of the physical body.* Notwithstanding its disabilities and drawbacks, its disquietudes and discomforts, of necessity and weariness, of pain and sin, of struggle and defeat, of bereavement and anguish, how many things still make it a home! "At home in the body." The comparison is, after all, not so much between an evil and a good, as between a good and a better. We are pilgrims only in relation to a "better country;" our houses are tents only in relation to the house not made with hands. To be in heaven is to be

with Christ visibly, and therefore "far better;" but to be on earth is also to be with Christ, only spiritually, and through exercises of faith, and is also a good and a joyous thing. God has made the earth a home for us, filled it with goodness, and beauty, and joy, and it does not need to enhance heaven that we disparage it. The utmost piety and spiritualness requires no depreciation of any good of life—that we utter no libels upon any of God's present gifts. How much He has done, how much He has given to make earth a home; to enrich and bless the man that He has made and endowed with its possession! Has He not given to him the careless joy of childhood; its fresh perceptions; its generous impulses; its warm affections; its keen susceptibilities; its gorgeous dreams; its golden hopes? Has He not given the joys of early manhood; the ardor of ambitious thought;

the romance of exuberant imagination; the mystery of love; the rapture of its first reciprocation; the ineffable blessedness of a first home, where in triumph and in worship he leads to it the bride that he has won to share and bless his life; and the throbbing joy of fatherhood, when his first-born is put into his arms; and the long-linked hours of household quiet; of perfect satisfaction; of earthly good, sanctified by heavenly grace; of virtue and religion; the toil and the struggle of life lightened by earthly love and heavenly faith; the joy of sanctified prosperity; the sweetness of sanctified sorrow; the strength of sanctified conflict; the wisdom of sanctified care; the rich treasures of friendship too, and the calm blessedness of Sabbath hours; the holy fellowship of the church, the inspiration of its worship, the profit of its teaching, the helping of its prayer, the satisfaction of its work—

"A useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving heaven?"

Oh! it were a wrong to all these joys of life, and an ungratitude to their Giver; it were a falsehood to our best recollections, and a contradiction of our deepest consciousness, not to acknowledge that these things do indeed make even this life home. What precious recollections do such things leave, what deep and pure satisfactions they give! How often, out of the riches of an embarrassed heart, have we to lift up our thanksgiving and sing our psalm—"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over!" Yea, one of our commonest dangers springs from the very fulness of these satisfactions—a danger, not lest we should over-estimate these, but lest, in possessing them, we should forget or disparage the higher things that are

possible to us. These are the memories that make sad to die, even when we depart to be with Christ.

> "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
> His pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

Notwithstanding its drawbacks, we find no difficulty in calling this world home, nor ought we to do so. Only, as spiritual men we can never rest in it with perfect contentment. We shall ever be looking for a home that is higher and more spiritual. And so wisely and exquisitely has God adjusted our experiences; so alluringly has He revealed the future, even while He has given us such satisfactions in the present, that, while we do not impatiently wish the future, we lovingly desire and seek it. The future that is, is not revealed to us so fully as to disqualify us for the present, and yet the present is

not so satisfying as to make us indifferent about the future. Enough is revealed to incite to; to make the things of the world to come "powers;" but it is sufficiently veiled to enable contentment, and quiet work, and peaceful joy. We desire our heavenly home, but not with such intemperate desire as to make us unwilling to wait, and work, and endure, until God shall call us. It is home to us only comparatively. There are trials enough, and privations enough, and discomforts enough to hinder the home-feeling from being perfect. We often "groan, being burdened;" we feel the infirmities of the flesh; the strength of temptation; the pain of disease; the blow of misfortune; the sorrow of disappointment; the sharp anguish of bereavement. And there are times and experiences when the struggle is so sharp and the anguish so keen, that we feel as if every home joy were lacking, and we sigh

"for the wings of a dove, that we may flee away and be at rest." Hearts constitute homes, and it may be and often is that heaven holds more of our loving and loyed ones than earth. Our companions go before us; they are gathered first in the Father's house; they are "preferred before us." One by one they are taken from our fellowship here, and they wait for our re-union with them there.

We wait and hope, therefore, *for the home of the spiritual body.* There every condition of happiness, which here is so qualified and marred, will be perfect. The body will know no weariness nor incompetence; the soul no sorrow nor sin; ignorance will not incapacitate, uncertainty will not disquiet; they "rest from their labors"—"neither can they die any more." The chief difference, however, is constituted by the different conditions of our spiritual life—the different conditions

of our communion with Christ. *Here* our holiness is struggling and imperfect; we contend with corrupt passions; we are assailed by strong temptations; our recognitions of Christ are only recognitions of faith; we realize Him only as an absent Friend; "we know only in part;" we are "absent from the Lord;" we know the heavenly state only by testimony; we "have not received the promises, but see them afar off." *There* we "see him as he is;" "know as we are known;" commune with Him in direct and palpable presence —"face to face;" and under conditions of confidence and delight, with no consciousness of sin, no stress of temptation, to hinder our perfect conformity to Him, our perfect joy in Him. We are "with him in paradise;" "forever with the Lord;" where "they hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" where there is no more pain, no more sin; where "the

Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." It is this that makes heaven blessed—that makes it home: the being so immediately with Christ, the perfection of all purity and joy. This is the "far better" which we now desire. To the spiritual and Christian heart Christ is heaven, and heaven is Christ.

"This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows which are not what they seem;
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surprise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

"But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

"Soon the whole,
Like a parchment scroll,
Shall before my amazèd sight uproll;
And without a screen,
At one burst be seen—
The presence wherein I've ever been."

The Spiritual Body.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

"Mine be Sion's habitation,
Sion, David's sure foundation:
Form'd of old by light's *Creator*,
Reach'd by Him the *Mediator*,
Peace there dwelleth uninvaded,
Spring perpetual, light unfaded:
Odors rise with airy lightness:
Harpers strike their harps with brightness;
None one sigh for pleasure sendeth;
None can err, and none offendeth;
All partakers of one nature,
Grow in *Christ* to equal stature.
Home celestial! Home eternal!
Home uprear'd by power Supernal!
Home, no change or loss that fearest,
From afar my soul thou cheerest;
Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.
Grant me, Saviour, with Thy blessed,
Of Thy rest to be possessed,
And amid the joys it bringeth,
Sing the song that none else singeth."

HILDEBERT, A.D. 1133. Translated by Neale.

2 CORINTHIANS v. 4.

"For we that are in *this* tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life."

SPEAKING of the materialism of heaven, Dr. Chalmers truly says: "The common imagination that many have of paradise on the other side of death, is that of a lofty aërial region where the inmates float on ether, or are mysteriously suspended upon nothing—where all the warm and felt accompaniments which give such an expression of strength, and life, and color to our present habitation, are attenuated into a sort of spiritual element, that is meagre, and imperceptible, and wholly uninviting to the eye of mortals here below, where every vestige of materialism is done away with, and nothing left but certain unearthly

scenes that have no power of allurement, and certain unearthly ecstasies with which it is impossible to sympathize." The sensitiveness with which many thus shrink from almost alluding to the physical element of enjoyment in heaven, because it is unworthy to be compared with the spiritual glory that is to be revealed, arises no doubt from the half suspicion that there is some necessary connection between materialism and sin; thus forgetting that the body, and the outward world which ministers to it, are God's handiworks as well as the soul; and that it is He himself who has adjusted their relative workings. And surely it is quite unnecessary to remind you at any length how God has fashioned our physical frame, as the medium of communication with the outer material world. It is the eye through which the soul perceives the glories of the summer sky, and searches for its mid-

night stars; and contemplates splendor of color, and beauty of form; and gazes on the outspread landscape of fertile field, hoary mountain, stream and forest, ocean and island, all incensed with the sweet perfumes that scent the breezy air; and by which too it beholds that world of deeper interest still—the human countenance of beloved parent, child, or friend, bright with all the sunshine of winning emotion.—It is the magic instrument which conveys to the soul all the varied harmonies of sound, from the choirs of spring, and the other innumerable minstrelsies of nature; as well as from the higher art of man, that soothe, elevate, and solemnize. It is true, indeed, that there are grosser appetites of the body which many pervert so as to enslave the spirit; abusing by gluttony, drunkenness, and every form of sensuality, what God the merciful and wise has intrusted to

man to be used for wise and merciful ends. But there is already perceptible a marked difference even here between these and the more refined tastes I have just alluded to; inasmuch as the former are found in their abuse to be, strictly speaking, unnatural, and destructive of man's happiness;—and even in their legitimate use decay with advancing years—thus giving evidence that the stamp of time is upon them as things belonging to a temporary economy:—whereas it is not so with the others, such as the perception of the beautiful in nature or in art, for these abide in old age with a youthful freshness, and more than a youthful niceness of discernment—and so afford a presumption that they are destined for immortality. To the aged saint "the trees clap their hands, and the little hills rejoice, and the mountains break forth into singing;" and when the earth is to him empty of every other

sentient pleasure, it is yet in the beauty of its sights and sounds perceived to be full of the glory of God!

And so shall it be forever! The glorified saint shall not be "unclothed" but "clothed upon." He will inhabit "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The future body is called a "spiritual body," to express its pure and immortal essence; and though it will be somehow related to the present body, as the risen is related to the sown grain which has perished in corruption, to appear however in a new and higher form;—for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God!" "We shall all be changed." "He shall change our vile bodies, and fashion them like to his own glorious body;" and in this new body, once sown in weakness, corruption, and mortality, but raised in power, incorruption, and immortality, we shall tread upon the new

earth and gaze on the new heavens, and walk in the paradise of our God.

And who can tell what sources of refined enjoyment are in store for us through the medium of the spiritual body in God's great palace of art, with its endless mansions and endless displays of glory! Well may we say of such anticipated pleasures what Isaac Walton says of the singing of birds: "Lord, if Thou hast provided such music for sinners on earth, what hast Thou in store for Thy saints in heaven!" If this little spot of earth is full of scenes of loveliness to us inexhaustible; if in the contemplation of these, in a body buoyant with health and strength, one feels it is a joy even to live and breathe; much more when in them all we see God; so that the expression of praise rises to the lips, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches!"—Oh, what

may be spread before the wondering eye throughout the vast extent of the material universe, comprehending those immense worlds which twinkle only in the field of the largest telescope, and vanish into the far distance in endless succession!—And what sounds may greet the ear from the as yet unheard music of those spheres; while for aught we know other means of communication may be opened up to us, by which to discover things innumerable in the outward world, ministering delight to new tastes—things which do not exist here, or elude at least the perception of our present senses. Add to all this, the deliverance from all those physical evils and defects which are now the sources of so much pain, and clog so terribly the aspiring soul. For how affected are we by the slightest disorganization of our bodily frame! A disturbance in some of the finer parts of its

machinery, which no science can discover or rectify; a delicate fibre shadowed by a cloud passing over the sun; or a nerve chilled by a lowering of the temperature of the atmosphere, will tell on the most genial temper; relax the strongest intellect; and dim the brightest imagination: while other physical causes quite as mysterious, can make reason reel and lunacy ascendant. And then there are the infirmities of old age,—the constant toil required to satisfy the cravings of the body for food and raiment—the wounds and bruises which pain it—and often the deformity which disfigures it, and cramps the spirit in a narrow and iron prison-house: all forming a terrible deduction as yet from that joy, which we are capable of deriving even here through our physical organization. But at present these things cannot be rectified. They are the immediate, or more remote, consequences

of man's iniquity; and under Christ belong to that education by which bodily pain is made the means of disciplining the soul for immortality. All, however, will be rectified hereafter in the new heavens and the new earth! "There shall be no more pain." The body will no longer experience fatigue in labor; or be subject to hurtful influences from the elements; and never grow old; but be glorious and beautiful as the risen body of Jesus Christ! I wonder not that Paul should exclaim along with those who had the first-fruits of the Spirit, "Even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, that is, the *redemption of the body*."

With these bright hopes let us who are now alive seek to glorify God in the body which is to be glorified together with Christ. "Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost? If any man defile that temple, him will God de-

stroy." "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth." Let us honor the body as a holy thing; and beware how we put the chains of slavery upon it, or expose it from selfishness to hunger and nakedness. Let us endeavor even to make Art, that ministers to our sense of the beautiful, ever minister to our sense of the true and good; and ever to speak to us of God as seen in His works; or in "His ways among the children of men!" And finally, as we contemplate the body of a departed saint, let us behold it in the light of God's own revelation. Let the grave in which it lies no longer be associated only with the worm and corruption and all the sad memorials and revolting symptoms of mortality. Let the voice of Him who is the resurrection and the life, be heard in the breeze that bends the grass

which waves over it, and His quickening energy be seen in the beauteous sun which shines upon it; and while we hear the cry, "dust to dust," let us remember the "very dust to Him is dear;" and that when He appears in His glory, He will repair and rebuild that ruined temple, and fashion it in glory and in beauty like His own.

"Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate the day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd;
And with His glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels fill'd."

A Glimpse of the Redeemed in Glory.

By JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN EARNEST," ETC.

"Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of love divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come,
Eternally shall live.

"I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
Th' unutterable name.

"They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck th' ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute;
At once they strike the harmonious wire,
And hymn the great THREE-ONE;
He hears, He smiles, and all the choir
Fall down before His throne.

"Oh, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at Thy feet.
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day!"

REV. vii. 9–17.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, etc.

WHATEVER debate there may be regarding the locality of this description, there can be no question that it unveils a state of glory. Whether the scene of it be laid on earth or some other world, it is a glimpse of HEAVEN—one of the fullest and most satisfactory glimpses which the Bible gives. Perhaps it may do us good to dwell on it. It may give us more life-like and more home-like thoughts regarding those who have gone to it; and it may make us more diligent in insuring that we ourselves shall go thither. All that need be said may be

summed up in answer to those two questions :—Who are there? And what are they doing there?

We speak not now of the original inhabitants, but of the redeemed from among men; and we ask, WHO ARE THERE?

"*A multitude.*" The region is not solitary. Once it was. The period was when God was all in all. There was the throne, and the Great I AM sat upon that throne. But there was no world beneath it, and no multitude before it. And even after the sons of God were made, it was long before any of *our* race was there. When Abel found himself before the throne, he found no human comrade there. Seraphs waved their wings of fire, and cherubs hovered out and in around the depths of Deity, and all was sanctity, and all was love; but the newcomer found himself unique,—not lonely, not unwelcome, but singular, and different from all

the rest. But thus it is not now. There is "a multitude,"—so many, as to give the region a friendly look of terrestrial brotherhood,—so many, that the affinities and tastes which still survive, will find their congenials and counterparts,—so many, that every service will be sublimed, and every enjoyment heightened, by the countless throng who share it.

A *mighty* multitude. "A great multitude, which no man could number." Not a stinted few; not a scanty and reluctant remnant; but a mighty host; like God's own perfections, an affluent and exuberant throng; like Immanuel's merits which brought them there, something very vast, and merging into infinity; so great a multitude, that, when those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, are added to the many saved in the thousand years of reigning righteousness, it may prove, in the long-run of our

poor earth's history, that Satan's captives are outnumbered by the Saviour's trophies.

A *miscellaneous* multitude. "Of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues." For many ages, one nation supplied most of the inhabitants. Most of those who passed the pearly gates had spoken on earth the Hebrew tongue. But Jesus broke down the partition wall; and since His Gospel went into all the world, all the world has contributed its citizens to the New Jerusalem. The Latin tongue has sent its Cornelius and its Clement; the Greek tongue has sent its Apollos and its Stephen, its Lydia and its Phœbe. The Philippian gaoler is there; and there is the Ethiopian treasurer. All kindreds and people are there—men of all aptitudes and all instincts—men of all grades and conditions; the herdman of Tekoah, and the fishermen of Galilee; the head that once wore Israel's crown, and the genius

which managed all the realm of Babylon. And there, suffused with sanctity, and softened into perfect subjection, we may recognize the temperament or the talent which gave each on earth his identity and his peculiar interest. David has not laid aside his harp, and there is still a field for Isaac to meditate. Solomon may have still the eagle-eye, which searches Nature's nooks, and scans the infinitude of things; and Moses may retain that meek aspect, to which no future was anxious, and no spot suspicious, for every place and every future was filled by a Covenant-God. Peter's step may still spring elastic and eager on the sapphire floor; whilst Paul triumphs in some lofty theme; and John's love-curtained eye creates for itself a brighter heaven. Blended and overborne by the prevailing likeness to the Elder Brother, each may retain his mental attributes and moral features; and in the di-

mensions of their disc, and the tinting of their rays, the stars of glory may differ from one another.

A multitude *who once were mourners.* "These are they which came out of great tribulation." To live in a world like this was itself a tribulation,—a world of distance from God—a world of faith without sight—a world of wicked men; but they have come out of that tribulation. To have had to do with sin was a terrible tribulation,—from the time that they were first convinced of it, and abhorred themselves in dust and ashes, all along through the great life-battle, contending with manifold temptations—contending with the atheism and unbelief within—contending with their own carnality and sloth, their pride and worldly-mindedness, their unruly passions and sinful tempers; but they have come out of that tribulation also. They have done with conviction, and the

broken spirit, and the daily struggle, and the entire tribulation of sin. And most of them had sorrows of another sort—the tribulation of personal trials. One of them had a brave family, and a splendid fortune ; but the same black day saw that fortune fly away, and the grave close over seven sons and three daughters. Another was a king ; and his heir apparent was his pride and joy,—a youth whose beauty was a proverb through all the realm,—so noble and yet so winsome, that his glance was fascination, and the people followed his chariot with delirious plaudits ; but whilst the doting father eyed with swelling bosom his gallant successor, the selfish youth clutched at his father's crown ; and the old monarch fled with a bursting heart, to return with a broken one—for his misguided son was slain. One of them filled a place of power in a heathen land, and fidelity to his God brought him into constant jeop-

ardy; till, reft of title, and torn from his mansion, he was flung food for lions into their howling den. And another was an Evangelist, who delighted to go from city to city, proclaiming that Saviour whom he dearly loved; till the grasp of tyranny bore him away to an ocean-rock, and left him to chant the name of Jesus to wailing winds and booming waves. And many others "were destitute, afflicted, tormented;" but from all tribulation they have now come out, and are a safe and happy multitude before the throne.

And they are a multitude *who shall form an eternal monument of the Redeemer's grace and power*,—a multitude who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There was a time when their robes were not white. Of many the character was stained by sensuality, and earthliness, and sin; and though some had little more than the dingy dye

of the natural depravity, others were filthy with many a crime and much positive pollution. But, in His marvellous grace, God had opened a fountain for human guilt, and filled it with the precious blood of His own dear Son; and in that sin-purging fountain these ransomed ones had washed their robes. It was there that Abel, so amiable and innocent, felt it needful to seek a cleansing, and confessed to a more excellent sacrifice than that which smoked on his own altar. It was there that Enoch found the white robe in which he walked with God. It was thither that Manasseh carried his raiment, red with the blood of Jerusalem, and found it suddenly white as snow. And it was there that the dying thief, blackened with many an atrocity, washed away his stains, and was that same hour fit for paradise. White is the uniform of glory,—the spotless righteousness of Immanuel. This is the only garb which a

child of Adam can wear before the throne of God. And though the apparel of some may be more curiously wrought and exquisitely embroidered than that of others, —though the hand of the beautifying Spirit may have made it "raiment of needlework,"—the hue and lustre of each is the same. Every spirit in glory wears the vesture radiant with redeeming righteousness —the snowy stole, which speaks of the Fountain opened, and which will commemorate through eternity THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

WHAT IS IT THAT THEY DO THERE? What is their employment, and their blessedness?

They celebrate a victory. They have "palms in their hands." They are what the second and third chapters describe as "overcomers." They have fought a good fight, and won the battle. Or, rather,

they celebrate the victory which the Captain of their salvation has won for them. As the fifth chapter explains these palms: —"THOU art worthy; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." It was once very like as if they would be worsted. The world opposed them. As Amalek withstood Israel, as soon as he knew that Israel wished to go to Canaan, so the world opposed the believer, as soon as he set his face towards Zion. First the world laughed; and then it frowned. First, friends jeered and jested, and tried to rally him out of his religion; and then they looked severe. Ungodly relatives censured his foolish preciseness and fantastic scruples, and ungodly comrades sought to entrap him into ridiculous or

wrong positions. And he felt so weak and friendless, that he was often ready to lose heart, and give up *this* battle. And the flesh opposed him. It fawned on him and flattered him, and said, "Master, spare thyself." It coaxed him to be absent from the sanctuary, and to slur over secret devotion, and to make slight work of God's service. And again he was ready to give up. He felt that he had acted a part so ignoble and imbecile, that it would be more consistent to abandon his Christian profession altogether, and become once more an easy-minded worldling. And the devil opposed him. The great adversary filled his mind with fearful doubts, and impious suggestions. Fiery darts were constantly alighting in his bosom; and, in the face of his most sober convictions, he would find himself questioning the most essential truths—the atonement's sufficiency, or the gospel's

sincerity, or even the existence and perfections of God. Or, he would find his heart dying away from the objects which once were dearest; rather shunning than courting Christian fellowship; sitting with averted eye or delinquent heedlessness, under the preaching which once engrossed him; tossing aside the books with which he used to be so enchained and edified; seeing no force nor fulness in those texts which used to feed his soul as with marrow and fatness; and deliberately eying that same Saviour whom his soul once loved, but perceiving in Him no beauty that he should desire Him. And again he was ready to halt. "Am I not a hypocrite?" he asked himself; "and would it not be more honest to quit the name, seeing I have lost the thing?" But whilst he was thus trembling on the very verge of apostasy, an unseen power came to his rescue. The truths of God, or the terrors of judgment,

or the attractions of the Saviour, told on him afresh; and—he hardly knows how, but he was constrained once more to turn his face to the foe. The battle began anew; and though he cannot boast of his exploits—he was fighting when he fell. The sword of the Spirit was then in his hand—a palm is in it *now*. And he wonders. How strange, that such a dubious fight should end in such a glorious victory! But here is the explanation—"*Thou* art worthy!" it was Thou, O Captain of Salvation, who didst shield my head in the day of battle. It was Thou who didst uphold my slipping feet, and revive my fainting spirit. It was Thou who didst repel those temptations which I hardly resisted, and didst give me victories where I put forth no valor. It was Thou who didst slay the foe that slew me, and by conquering death for me hast secured that thy servant shall be conquered no more. Thanks

be to God who gave me the victory, through my Lord Jesus Christ! Thanks for this victorious conquest; and thanks for this bloodless, but blood-bought, palm!

They serve God. "They cry with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!" "They are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple." Adoration at the throne, activity in the temple—the worship of the heart, the worship of the voice, the worship of the hands—the whole being consecrated and devoted to God—these are the service of the upper sanctuary. *Here* the flesh is often wearied with an hour of worship; *there* "they rest not, day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Here a week will often see us weary in well-doing; there they are drawn on by its own deliciousness to larger and larger

fulfilments of Jehovah's will. Here we must lure ourselves to work by the prospect of rest hereafter; there the toil is luxury, and the labor recreation—and nothing but jubilees of praise, and holidays of higher service, are wanted to diversify the long and industrious sabbath of the skies. And it matters not though sometimes the celestial citizens are represented as always singing, and sometimes as always flying—sometimes as always working, and sometimes as always resting—for there the work is rest, and every movement song; and the "many mansions" make one temple, and the whole being of its worshippers one tune—one mighty anthem, long as eternity, and large as its burden, the praise of the great Three-one—the self-renewing and ever-sounding hymn, in which the flight of every seraph, and the harp of every saint, and the smile of every raptured spirit, is a

several note, and repeats ever over again, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!"

They see God. "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." Or, as we have it in chap. xxii. 4, "They see his face." Where the natural enmity is destroyed, and the soul is brought really to love God and delight in Him, there will be times in its history when it will desire more fruition of the great I AM than it has ever experienced yet. And when it is thus "breaking for the longing which it hath" to look upon infinite excellence, it can sympathize with the exclamation of Augustine—"Lord, hast thou said, 'There shall no man see me, and live?' Then, let me die, that I may see thee." Or rather, it can sympathize with the exultation of the patriarch, when he espied afar off his living Redeemer, and forgetful of his miserable plight, started from the dust-

heap, and triumphantly exclaimed—"in my flesh shall I see God!" And this is heaven. To be brought so near the perfection of beauty, that every competing perfection will look paltry—so near the fountain of life, that we shall know no blessedness in which God does not form the largest element—so near the light of light and the source of love, that we can never more drag our hearts away—this is to dwell in God, and have God dwelling in us; and what more is needful to make it heaven?

They follow the Lamb. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Even in heaven something of the mediatorial economy survives. Even where they see God, they follow the Lamb, and a close and conspicuous relation continues to subsist betwixt the Redeemer and his ransomed.

He remains the leader of his blood-bought company; and whilst He prescribes their occupation, He is the immediate source of their blessedness. They have faculties capable of vast expansion, an avidity for excellence which is now insatiable, and a susceptibility of sacred enjoyment which nothing can content short of all the fulness of God. And the spiritual food—the soul-expanding and heart-gladdening truth—the Saviour supplies. The Lamb feeds them. And in His care for them, He guides them to one well-spring of wonder and one river of pleasure after another. He leads them to living fountains of water. The Godhead is a boundless sea, on which the thin island of creation floats; and though the region be ever so dry and arid—a burning Baca, and though the object be ever so bleak and bald—a grim Horeb, a flinty rock, it needs only the touch of the prophet's rod and forth-

with a fountain springs exhaustless as that Divine perfection whence it flows. Here on earth the divining rod is rare; and we can travel over leagues of creation, and years of providence, and even whole books of the Bible, and find in them nothing of God. But in that better country the Horeb never stanches, and the Baca never dries. The fountains play perpetually, and the waters ever live. And the Lamb is familiar with them all. To the bosky brink of one He leads His white-robed followers; and in its fringing glories, and populous profound, they read the riches of creative power and skill. To the melodious verge of another He conducts them; and in the geyser of light which gushes high, and flings its rainbows wide—in the balm scattered by its wafted dews, and the songs with which the branches wave—they hear it endlessly repeated, "God is love." And to another still He guides them; and

simple as the margin looks, and limpid as the waters are, it dilates and deepens as they gaze—deepens till it mocks the longest line, dilates till Gabriel's eye can see no shore ; and in its fathomless abyss, and ever-retreating bound, they recognize the Divine unsearchableness. In paradise every fountain lives, and each living fountain is a lesson full of GOD !

And—just to complete the glance—*there are some things which there they never do.* They do not want—they do not weary—and they do not weep. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

And now if any of your friends have slept in Jesus, is it not blissful to know how they are engaged ? You and they once journeyed together ; but a sudden door opened, and your father, or brother,

or child, was snatched from your side; and ere you could follow, or even glance in, the door closed again. But the Lord has opened a crevice in the enclosing wall, and bids you look and see. See where they are—see what they are doing now. *You* are in great tribulation—it is even your tribulation to be deprived of *them;* but they have come out of all tribulation. You often find it hard work to fight the battles of the world. There are few white days in your history—few days when you see the lustre of that robe with which God has already clothed you, and find your soul drawn forth in full-toned gratitude and praise. *Their* palm never withers. Their hallelujahs never cease. Their congregation never breaks up; their Sabbath knows no end. "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

And you who trust that, through the tender mercy of God and the merits of Im-

manuel, yourselves are going to that same happy and holy world—let these views of it both encourage and admonish you. A late renowned physician, after speaking of some stupendous discoveries in astronomy, exclaims—"after such contemplations, how can one go into the tattle of the drawing-room, to be excited?" But far more justly may we demand—After *such* contemplations, how can we go into the world, to be frivolized and carnalized? How can one who hopes to follow the Lamb make it all his study now to *follow the fashion?* How can the hand which yet hopes to wave the conqueror's palm take such a death-gripe of Mammon? How can he who expects to join the white-robed multitude seek his present companions among earthly-minded men? Or, after such contemplations, how can I go into life, to be all ingulfed in its enjoyments, its sorrows, or its cares? Shall I not rather cast my anchor within

the veil, and ride buoyant over the griefs and gladness of mortality? And do I really and solemnly believe, that the adoration and the service of a present God are to be my employment soon—and shall I not be zealous in them *now?*

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

"Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

"I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given:
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven."

The Perfect Service of Heaven.

By ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.,
OF EDINBURGH.

"Know ye that better land
Where care 's unknown?
Know ye that blessed land
Around the throne?
There, there is happiness;
There streams of purest bliss;
There, there are rest and peace—
There, there alone.

"Yes, yes we know that place,
We know it well:
Eye hath not seen His face,
Tongue cannot tell;
There are the angels bright,
There saints enrobed in white,
All, all are clothed in light—
There, there they dwell.

"Oh! we are weary here,
A little band,
Yet soon in glory there
We hope to stand;
Then let us haste away,
Speed o'er this world's dark way,
Unto that land of day—
That better land."

Rev. xxii. 3–5.

"And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

THERE *shall be no more curse.* Not only are *you* to be *personally* delivered from the curse, but nowhere around you is there to be any trace of its malignant influence. Never again is there to be any return of it; there being no condemnation to you; you being absolved, acquitted, accepted in virtue of your union to Christ. That which is a matter of faith now, will then be matter of open discovery and open proclamation. Your souls will be free from sin; creation's groans are over; no blight of sin is

on the soil you tread; no taint of sin is in the air you breathe; no evil element is in the path you have to tread—the works you have to do, the company you have to enjoy, the pleasures you have to partake of, —all is holiness and peace and unbroken serenity. And, therefore, service may well be different from what it is now, when "there shall be no more curse." Not merely have you deliverance from condemnation realized by them, but no more curse within or without—no more possible curse in all the holy paradise of God.

"*The throne of God and of the Lamb is in the city.*" No anarchy, no lawless liberty, no proud self-government is there. On the contrary, subordination, discipline, and order prevail. God manifestly reigns, but He reigns in such a character as must charm away all jealousy even in the most sensitive of His subjects. With Him, on the throne, is the Lamb that was

slain. "The Lamb is in the midst of the throne." Subjection to that throne never can be felt to be irksome; never can any feeling of impatience under such a yoke as that intrude; nor the faintest shadow of suspicion ever creep in,—there is not the remotest desire to shake it off and be free. One look at the throne of God and of the Lamb must ever satisfy. All hearts are reconciled to Jehovah's gracious subordination; the order of which is, being always with Him.

"*They shall see His face.*" Oh, it is a blessed thing to see God's face. Even now the sight of it by faith makes duty pleasant, and even trial very sweet. Alas, however, that faith is often hidden. Dark, dark clouds of unbelief roll in upon the soul, or there is a frown, a shade, upon my Father's loving countenance. My waywardness, my wilfulness has dimmed, as it were, His loving eye with grief. Oh,

when He thus hides His face, what heart have I then for His work? What courage to fight His battle? What strength to face temptation? What enlargement of heart? What opening of lip to show forth His praise, and teach transgressors His word? Oh, how wearisome is the hard business of obeying, and serving, and doing what the will failed to do! What a drudgery does it become! What a lifeless, joyless form! "Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice; have mercy also upon me and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger." Ah, brethren, what must it be for me, as God's servant, to serve Him, when no such cry can evermore at any time be heard? Well may His servants serve Him, for "they shall see His face" always.

"*And His name shall be in their foreheads.*" When you stand with the Lamb on mount Sion—of which you read in the 14th of the Revelation—with the one hundred forty and four thousand, you are there as His servants, being preserved from the hands of coming judgment. Even now, therefore, you have His Father's name written in your forehead. It is a hidden name, however—legible enough, no doubt, to the men and the angels executing His pleasure, but not legible to an unbelieving world—and, alas! not always legible even to those who, in mingling with the multitude, instead of that name, receive the mark of the priest in their right hands and foreheads. It is not always easy for you to maintain your integrity as the Lord's servants, and not easy to keep yourselves unspotted from the world; but in that city, although the same characters, all are impressed with the same

seal. Over every brow there flashes, in the glowing inscription, the same new name, the name above every name. There is no fellowship with the ungodly to deaden your pious feeling; nor in fellowship with one another even, is there any of that doubt, that hesitancy, which so often casts a damp over pious meetings here; or, it may be, pains some meek child of God, whose claim to be acknowledged in that character may not be at once allowed. There, in that city, all are alike mutually known, and are known. His name is in every forehead, and all know it. You never, therefore, can be intruders—never can be other than helpers of one another's joy in serving God.

"*There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light.*" All is open, beatific vision. Ye that fear the Lord and obey the voice of His ser-

vants, get sometimes in the darkness here: it may be darkness that dims not only your comfortable assurance, but your clear and distinct perception of the path of duty. You see no light, or the light here comes fitfully in gleams, sharing the imperfection of the instrument through which it comes. It is midnight sometimes with you, and you have nothing but a little glimmering candle to shed its gleam in the thick darkness in which you are groping. Even if it is midday with you, and the bright meridian orb is over your head, a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, may in a moment spread and clothe the sky in sackcloth. But to be where there is no night, to make the twinkling taper welcome—literally, to see light in God's light—not circuitously, through means, ordinances, and prophecies—through written and sacramental signs merely, but directly, by immediate insight into Himself, and

immediate communication from Himself —to know God and His will—what must it be to walk in the light of such knowledge as that, even here? Even here the Spirit shows us of the Father and the Son. Though it may not enter, the night being even dreary, and the day being even cloudy; yet suffice it, if the eye is seeking to guide us in the right way. What must it be to have the same Spirit opening our eye evermore to the light in which the Lord God himself dwells? No more desperation, no more despondency, when in that light His servants shall serve Him.

"*They shall reign forever and ever.*" It is as reigning with them that you see light in His light. It is from this point of view that you survey and contemplate all things. The idea, therefore, of anything like a separate or rival interest can have no place any more. Your judgment, your will, can never be set up as independent

of God's or in antagonism to His. You have a common concern with Him in the government of the universe, which, in a measure, He shares with you. He delegates to you. His throne is yours; His honor is yours; His merit is yours.

> "It is His eye to see the right;
> It is His hand to do it."

Thus reigning with God, you, as His servants, serve him. Your reigning with Him is partly the effect of your having learnt to serve Him; otherwise He could not so far trust you as to admit you to any participation in His authority and rule. Hence, the welcoming that awaits the reign of Christ's little ones who have received grace to obey—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." But not only is it as a recognition and reward of faithful services that you reign; your promotion is chiefly

valuable in that world because it enables you to render service more faithful still. The position which you are to occupy will raise you above the questionings, and heart-burnings, and jealousies, and misgivings that are apt to rankle in the minds of mere subjects. Confidence will be reposed in you. Because you shall reign with Him forever and ever, therefore shall His servants serve Him.

Now, take these six elements of joy and health together. There is no curse; there is no sin, or trace of sin within or without; secondly, Jehovah sits in love on the throne, in the midst of which is the slain Lamb; thirdly, His face ever shining clearly and distinctly; fourthly, His name legible on every forehead, all knowing Him, and knowing one another; fifthly, light on all things shed—not through His creatures' means and ordinances, but directly from Himself; sixthly, yourselves and all your

fellows raised to share His dominion, authority, and power.

"Let me go! let me go! for the purple dawning
Is mantling the dull, dark tomb of Time;
And there stealeth the rays of a blissful morning,
That blushes and burns in a deathless clime!

"I have done with sin, I have done with sorrow;
I fly to the spotless realms of light,
Where the day that is breaking shall have no morrow
And the sun that is rising shall have no night."

Heaven a Social World.

By J. B.

"Friend after friend departs—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

"Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

"There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown:
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the saints alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink these stars in empty night
They hide themselves in Christ's own light."

MONTGOMERY.

HEB. xii. 22, 23.

"But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

SOLITARY *happiness* is no better than a contradiction in terms. To the great mass of mankind, permanent solitude would be exquisite misery. Even pain in society is preferable to ease in solitude. The most retired recluse occasionally sighs after the society of one friend at least, to whom he may communicate his thoughts and feelings. The most abstracted philosopher, who devotes the hours of the day to sublime speculations, and who in the same employment encroaches upon the watches of the

night, longs for the friend to whom he may impart his discoveries, who may congratulate him upon his success, or sympathize in his disappointments. Constrained solitude often drives to insanity, and voluntary seclusion is not unfrequently the effect of disordered intellect. Least of all, does the man of real virtue and active piety desire to abstract himself from social intercourse: his chief happiness consists in resembling God and doing good. The pious man indeed loves God supremely; he delights in meditating upon his attributes and his government, and in addressing his Maker in the language of adoration, prayer, and praise; but he is well apprized that the most acceptable expression of love to God, is good will to man; and to exclude him from human society would be to exclude him from all opportunities of usefulness, and to cut off the most copious sources of felicity. If, therefore, there be any anal-

ogy between the present and the future life, the latter cannot but be a social state.

The *scripture* countenances, or rather may be said to teach, the same pleasing truth. The apostle informs the Thessalonian converts, that all believers are to be forever with Christ, and consequently with each other. He also expresses the firmest persuasion, that he should meet, and recognize his friends of Thessalonica at the tribunal of Christ. For what, saith he, is our hope, our joy, our crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?

The future state of the righteous is compared to a *house*, in which the members of the same family reside together. When this earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. It is compared to a *kingdom*, in which great numbers are united in one

large community. It is called the New Jerusalem, descending from heaven; a *glorious city;* capable of containing all the servants of God in every age, and filled with holy and happy inhabitants. It is compared to a *temple*, in which worshippers are collected from all nations, a host that no man can number, who shall be continually employed in blessing and praising God.

From these representations, we justly and satisfactorily conclude, that as social intercourse is a rational and refined source of happiness in the present state, it will continue to be such in the life to come. The *discipline of life* generates in all, and especially in virtuous and generous minds, a desire to see others happy, to contribute to their enjoyment, and to rejoice with them. And this mutual reciprocity of kind feelings and benevolent offices is a source of exquisite gratification, which a

solitary insulated individual could never attain, and of which he could form no conception. Is it then to be supposed that this ardent glow of sympathetic kindness, this generous feeling, this sublime gratification, shall be utterly lost, and that it shall constitute no part of the felicity of the life to come? Impossible! All the deductions of enlightened reason, all the intimations of divine revelation, and all the generous propensities of the human mind, combine to establish the interesting conclusion, that the future life of the righteous will be a social state.

The *whole multitude* of those will be redeemed and made happy through the mercy of God and by the practice of virtue; the wise and good of all ages and countries, under whatever dispensation they were placed, will be assembled together in this great city, the New Jerusalem, will be fellow-worshippers in this

spiritual temple, will be fellow-citizens in this glorious and happy community, and will be joint participants of its privileges.

The first ancestors of the human race will be found there, and their immediate posterity, the antediluvian patriarchs, who bore their firm but unavailing testimony against the growing profligacy of the times. —Those eminent saints also, who before the time of Moses were honored with divine communications, and were the means of preserving, to a certain extent, the knowledge and worship of the true God, and of opposing a barrier to the overwhelming inundation of idolatry and crime.—Those faithful servants of God likewise, who were witnesses to the truth under the confined and burdensome dispensation from mount Sinai. The prophets and righteous men who were raised up, from time to time, to enter their public

and solemn protest against the apostasy and wickedness of a degenerate and ungrateful people; and some of whom bore a firm and undaunted testimony to truth and virtue, in the presence of rulers and governors, and in that sacred cause submitted, without reluctance, to insult, to imprisonment, to torture, and to death.—There likewise will be found those later worthies of the Jewish church, who after the Babylonian captivity, bravely struggled for the liberties of their country, and for the freedom and purity of their worship, against the proud and powerful tyrants of Syria and Egypt; and though no longer instructed by prophets, encouraged by miracles, or living under the dispensation of an equal providence, nobly and successfully defended the cause of truth, and the liberty and independence of their country, by the wisdom of their counsels, the valor of their troops, and their

heroic fortitude under suffering and persecution. Men, saith the eloquent writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, of whom the world was not worthy, who were destitute, afflicted, tormented; but their names were written in the book of life.

In this immense multitude which none can number, many righteous men of the *heathen world* will no doubt find an honorable place. For in every nation, saith the apostle Peter, he who feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him.

There, JESUS, our heavenly Teacher, our honored master, and our great Forerunner, will reside, when all the purposes of His mission and ministry being fulfilled, having accomplished the number of His elect, He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even His Father. There all His faithful followers in all ages shall have access to Him, and being acknowl-

edged by Him, and clothed in robes of immortality and glory, similar to His own, shall freely commune with Him concerning all that He did, and taught, and suffered, by the appointment of God for the salvation of men.

There likewise will be found in stations of appropriate eminence and dignity, the *holy apostles*, and faithful ambassadors of Jesus Christ, who were delegated by an immediate commission from Him to be the first publishers of His gospel to mankind, to be the approved witnesses of His resurrection, to confess His name before kings and rulers, and to suffer shame, and persecution, and death in His cause; to some of whom the Christian world is indebted for those faithful and interesting records of facts and doctrines, of prophecies and precepts, which have been the means of preserving the knowledge, of establishing the evidence, and of diffusing

the light of the Christian religion through all nations; and which shall continue to produce the same happy effect, with increasing success, to the remotest period of time.

There likewise will be seen the holy *confessors and martyrs* of earlier and of later ages; those venerable men who, with undaunted fortitude, published the joyful tidings of the gospel at the commencement of the Christian dispensation, in defiance of the insolent taunts of the heathen philosophy, and the malignant opposition of Jewish prejudice.—They also who strenuously *resisted* the attempts which were made from time to time, with too much success, to corrupt the pure and simple doctrine of Christ with the absurdities and impiety of the heathen idolatry, and to rob the disciples of Jesus of that liberty with which He hath made them free, by the introduction of an ecclesias-

tical despotism, and an insupportable tyranny over the rights of conscience.—They likewise, who with heroic fortitude withstood the usurped authority of the papal antichrist, even in the height and plenitude of his power; and who by public preaching, and by eloquent and powerful writing, in the midst of opposition and persecution, and in defiance of racks and tortures, by the blessing of God succeeded so far as to give the antichristian power a deadly wound which shall never be healed.

And in their Father's house, where there are many mansions, *they* will not be destitute of an honorable place, who, *since the Reformation*, have been exerting themselves from age to age, with more or less success, in perfecting this great work both in doctrine and in discipline; and in purifying the reformed church from that leaven of error, and from that spirit of antichristian domination, which too generally pre-

vails even in those Christian communities which boast of having emancipated themselves from the papal yoke. Much yet remains to be done. Great is the task, and small is the number of those who engage seriously and heartily in the arduous undertaking. Violent and powerful is the opposition which they meet with from many who are interested in the support of popular or established errors. Great is the reluctance of those whom they desire to win over to the acknowledgment of truth; feeble the encouragement they receive from those who profess to approve of their design; and slow, very slow indeed, is the progress which they make in diffusing the light and the power of genuine and uncorrupted Christianity.

Generous advocates of Christian truth, faint not; be not discouraged; such were the trials of confessors and reformers of past ages. Persevere in your honorable

exertions. The cause which you espouse is the cause of God and Christ. It must eventually triumph; and whatever be the issue of your individual exertions, be assured that your labor shall not be in vain; your reward is with your God; and the crown of life shall amply remunerate every labor, every disappointment, and every suffering.

It is also reasonable to believe that those virtuous persons who knew, and valued, and loved each other on earth, will *meet and recognize each other*, and will renew their social and friendly intercourse in the life to come.

All the righteous are to exist in one vast assembly. All are to be with Christ; and therefore all are to be with each other. And what can be more probable than that in this vast assembly they who associated with each other in the present state, will be united to each other again?

Whatever may be thought concerning natural instinct, the generous, social, and sympathetic affections can never be destroyed. I have before observed, that the apostle Paul firmly expected to meet and recognize his Thessalonian converts and friends at the appearance of Christ. And by parity of reason it may fairly be concluded, that all virtuous friends and kindred will meet together in a future state of being, and will renew the affectionate and delightful intercourse which had been interrupted by death.

There pious *parents* will meet their virtuous *offspring*, whom they trained up in wisdom and virtue, and with unspeakable delight will renew their mutual endearments. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, all that have been members of the same household, who have contributed to each other's improvement in knowledge and goodness, who have been tender of

each other's happiness, and who, by offices of mutual kindness, have riveted each other's mutual esteem and affection, will again renew the intercourse which was once so dear.

Faithful *ministers* and their pious *hearers* will then have a glorious and happy interview. What delight will accrue to the former to see the blessed fruit of their labors and their cares, the joyful accomplishment of their best wishes and most cherished hopes, and the disappointment of many of their most anxious apprehensions! And what happiness will pious hearers experience in meeting those venerable friends by whose exhortations they were animated, by whose instructions they were enlightened, by whose sympathy they were consoled, by whose counsels they were directed, and by whose example they were animated and encouraged!

Friendships founded upon virtue will

survive the grave; and they who have conciliated each other's affections by offices of kindness, and who have won each other's esteem by the practice of virtue, will, no doubt, unite again in a better state, in bonds of refined and indissoluble friendship.

Associates in the *investigation of truth*, fellow-laborers in the instruction of mankind, they who have been united in their exertions to diffuse useful knowledge, to alleviate suffering, to better the condition of the indigent, to rescue the oppressed, and to emancipate the slave; they who have been fellow-sufferers in the cause of humanity, and on account of their generous, however unsuccessful, attempts to benefit their fellow-creatures, shall now receive the due reward which on earth was often denied to their honorable exertions.

They who have on earth mingled their tears and sighs under the iron rod of in-

justice, and the merciless grasp of power, with what delight will they meet each other in those happy regions of liberty and peace, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; where the voice of the oppressor shall be heard no more, and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes!

Thus it appears reasonable to expect that virtuous friends will meet and recognize each other, and that they will renew their former habits of affectionate intercourse in the mansions of bliss. And, oh, what a blessed and glorious meeting will that be, after the long silence of death, after the gloomy interruption of the grave, after an honorable acquittal at the final tribunal! a meeting in a state, oh, how unlike the present, or anything that the heart can yet conceive! Here, they were frail, imperfect, dying creatures; here, mutual suffering often called for mutual

sympathy, and mutual infirmity, for mutual candor and indulgence; here, friendships the most virtuous and the most closely cemented were severed by the stroke of death. But in those blissful regions there will be no infirmities to palliate, or pains to soothe, no dangers to apprehend, no interrupted friendship, no unkind suspicion, no angry frowns, no hostile separation: all will be peace and harmony, and love and joy, and that forever. And with what unspeakable satisfaction will the righteous in a future life meet with some, of whose moral character and final state they once entertained the most painful doubts and the most alarming apprehensions!

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven, are one.

"Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity :
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore."

The Recognition of Friends in Heaven.

By the REV. R. W. HAMILTON, D.D.

"No shadows yonder :—
All light and song ;—
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng ?

"No weeping yonder,—
All fled away !
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

"*No partings yonder !*—
Time and space never
Again shall sunder,
Hearts cannot sever,—
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp forever.

"None wanting yonder ;—
Bought by the Lamb,
All gather'd under
The ever-green palm,
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm."

BONAR.

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."

THAT the soul of every man who has hitherto died is living still—that the souls of every generation, including hundreds of millions, still exist—is a fact which we, perhaps without any examination, readily allow. We cannot but acknowledge—at least, when particularly pressed—that this being which is given to us shall be perpetually carried out, shall be eternally prolonged; a dawn without an eve; a race without a goal. We must further confess, that, whatever was the impression produced upon these spirits during their sojourn upon earth, never were they so conscious of what was present, so mindful of what was past, as in their actual state now. Nor shall we refuse to

concede that their moral identity is unchanged; that they are the creatures of the same accountability as before; and that their present condition is linked together with their former history, as necessarily, as indissolubly.

We come, then, to this dread conclusion: that every man who ever thought, is still thinking; that every sensibility that ever felt, still feels; that every consciousness revives itself; that every memory recalls itself; that every individual who has departed this life has entered into eternity, and is still distinctly and vividly alive to all the scenes of that mortal period which is past, and of that immortal economy which has succeeded and superseded it.

But to be able to take hold of this truth, to receive an appropriate and a worthy impression of this fact, is far more difficult than its bare attestation. They who have quitted this earthly scene have scarcely left

a trace of themselves behind: the arrow has flown, and the air has quickly closed upon the passage; the leaf has fallen, and is mixed with the earth around the parent tree; the rain-drop has sunk into the ocean, and is lost in its depths. Our general and lesser conceptions touching the dead are, that they are *no more*, that they are *extinct*, that they have *perished:* but, surely as ourselves now live, exercising our faculties and entertaining our emotions, these spirits, no more within our range, with a mental activity to us unknown, now muse, now revolve, now look backward, now look forward, only more intensely, because their intellectual essence is undiverted, is unencumbered, and nothing can occur to clog its operations, or to fix it in forgetfulness or indifference.

Surely there is something very solemn, quite overpowering, in this anticipation of my future being: "Then shall I know even

as also I am known;" that there will be a clearness and certainty around me, no prejudice, no distorting medium, no unsettling estimate, no tremulous light; and that this same clearness and certainty will not only shine around me, but shine through me; I can no longer wear a mask; I can no longer practise an imposition: I intuitively know, and as intuitively am known. What will be the soliloquies of a separate spirit in an eternal sphere? May such soliloquies be conceived? "In a far distant world I emerged to existence, I awoke to thought. My transition through that mysterious state of existence was as rapid as it was momentous. The change that I had foreknown by the name of death at last fell upon me: I was carried to this far-off scene. The stars have fallen from heaven, the sun is darkness, time is no longer; but I am what I was—I was what I am. I have the same instrumentality of

reflection; I have the same capacity of feeling. Strange and awful as the surrounding phenomena, I am my own self." Then we shall have reached the result, then we shall have grasped the conclusion: the fever of the world will have ceased, all its present delusions will have fled: we shall "know even as also we are known."

It is a relief, in considering that great interminable monument of our future being, in pondering that universal perception which we shall take of others, and others shall take of us, to institute such an inquiry as this: *Will Christian friends then meet—will they recognize each other?* There are many of us occupying places here who have not only a thought of *the present* and *the future;* we cannot withstand a thought of *the past.* Our fathers worshipped in *this* mountain: *here* have communed with us, in earlier or in later passages of our being, those whom we

have known, and those whom we have loved. In casting my eye around the circle of my acquaintance, I am only struck with vacancy, bereavement, and loss; scarcely a familiar face do I see; and I know not whither to turn to find some friend of my infancy and my youth. But is there an *absolute* privation? Are those spirits of life, and of power, and of tenderness, quenched? We must think of heaven as an existing reality. We speak of it as if forgetting that it is only future to *us*. It is that which we should bring near to ourselves; for our brethren and our kinsmen, sainted and glorified in heaven, have their *present* beatitudes, their *present* splendors, their *present* songs. Let us think of them, therefore, as only separated from us by a veil, and as absolutely and truly thinking and feeling as any of ourselves. But that veil will soon be torn aside: we shall soon ourselves have entered that region of

spirits. Will there be those who shall be ready to welcome us? Shall there be those whom we ourselves can remember? That is not a barren speculation: it is that which surely has engaged every thinking mind and every susceptible heart. Let us attempt for a few moments to present the evidence on which we rest the credibility of the fact, that we shall know when we meet each other in the inheritance of light.

I am not opposed or insensible to evidence of rather an equivocal kind—evidence of unassisted reason and of undeciphered imagery. For when we are told that there is a demonstration of the eternal power and Godhead in the things that are seen, do we resist that demonstration? Or when we are informed that in the very instincts and in the very yearnings of the human bosom, there is a pledge of immortality, do we tread that pledge scornfully into the dust? And let reason be how-

ever uninformed, and let nature be however uninterpreted, the barbarian and the savage have loved the tale of the blue mountains and of the shadows behind them, where their ancestral shadows are awaiting their own arrival. And is not this the very voice of the human intellect, and the very confirmation brought in aid of the doctrine by the human heart? And it is not only those who are rude, those who are the uncivilized children of the forest and of the wild, who have thought and surmised this, but those of more polished education and more refined culture: "Oh, renowned day," exclaimed the Roman orator, "when I shall have reached the divine assemblage of those minds with which I have congenial predilections, and shall escape this untoward and uncongenial throng!" "We but depart," said the lyrist of the same nation, "to meet our Æneas, and our Tully, and

our Ancus." We are shadows as well as dust.

But there are arguments which we think more conclusive than those—which are more scattered, and which lie upon the very surface of things : arguments which we seize before we enter that branch of evidence which is more direct, positive, and overwhelming.

We observe, that *the contrary conclusion implies a destruction which is quite opposite to the dealings of God with our nature.* If I do not know in heaven those whom I have known here, there must have taken place an imperfection in my mind ; there must be some breach of the judgment ; there must be some abridgment of my memory ; there must be some failure in my mental constitution. Now, we cannot suppose that that has taken place without an immediate agency on the part of God ; and thus we must suppose

that God blots out some of the exercises of the mind and of the recollection. But this seems quite opposite to His ordinary dealings with us; there is no such law as destruction in His universe: there may appear to be decay, but that which is decayed is always reproduced in its own or in some foreign form: and therefore, unless there was the strongest proof that we should *not* know each other, we should argue that it was contrary to all that we might infer concerning the Divine conduct, and proceeds upon the idea of mutilating and injuring the human mind, making it something inferior and unequal to what we see it now is.

But, then, the converse can scarcely be doubted—that, in the region of lost spirits, those who have been companions in guilt and crime shall recognize each other, and that the scorn, and the taunt, and the defiance, shall greatly aggravate the tor-

ments of hell: so that we may easily suppose that they shall say, "Art thou become like one of us?" And if the lost spirit dreaded the thought of his five brethren being plunged into the same fiery deep, did it not involve the necessary consequence that, when so plunged, it would be within his knowledge, within the range of his intellectual sense?

Now, heaven, we generally suppose—and suppose upon scriptural evidence—is the *consummation of our present happiness*, differing in degree, but not in nature. And what makes us happier upon earth than mutual acquaintance? "I have no greater joy," said the beloved disciple, "than to hear that my children walk in truth." And was that joy entirely torn from his spirit, and was there no comparable gem bound in his crown, when he passed from this world of distraction and discord to that element and that region,

where, like himself, all was serenity and love? Therefore, if we have pleasure in such knowledge and recognition now, it is not a forced or a violent inference that that pleasure will be heightened and confirmed where all is happiness, because we believe all is recognition and friendship.

Besides, it is impossible to think that all will be without a history and without a name; some, we know, will be pre-eminent, will be distinguished; we shall sit down with Abraham, and with Isaac, and with Jacob, in the kingdom of God. And will all other spirits flit before us unstoried and nameless, so that we can recollect nothing in their history, and identify no association in our thoughts? Were we to adopt only this more general evidence, we should be almost obliged to adopt the conclusion, that spirits meet and recognize each other in bliss; because the contrary supposition implies an imperfection

of absolute enjoyment, a mutilation by the Author of the human mind of the mind itself; because the contrary supposition, that the sorrows of the lost aggravate their own misery by such knowledge, scarcely ever has been disputed; and because also, likewise, future happiness is but the carrying on the enlargement and perpetuity of present happiness: and because some will bear with them a name and interest, and a thousand recollections and sacred associations—so we can easily imagine that the happiness of heaven will be augmented by its not being confined to a few, but being true of all.

But let *Scripture* decide; for in all such cases we must have a just and humbling sense of our weakness, the limitation of our knowledge, the very little that we can seize, and define, and make our own. When David thought of his dying child, he agonized in fasting and in prayer; when that

child was taken away, he summoned resolution; he found encouragement: and this was the language of his song: "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." That his head should recline on the same clod? or that his body should be devoured by the same reptile? or that he should be lodged in the same grave with him? We think far more is meant; here is an intimation of immortality, and of the communings of two spirits in that immortality. And the same remark may be made (however common the phrase) when the pious are said to die and to be "buried with their fathers." It is chilling and repulsive to think that the cemetery only is referred to, and that there is no mingling of the departed except in the dust of the sepulchre.

There are other phrases (for we shall

be ready to go from a dispensation where there was much obscurity, to another which has brought light and incorruption to light)—there are many phrases in the latter portion of the Christian Scriptures, which, we think, are not only allusory, but which are absolutely decisive. "Knowing," said the Apostle of the Gentiles—"Knowing that He who raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you." And again, he adjures those to whom he writes, "by our gathering together unto Jesus Christ." Analyze each statement, reduce it to what shape, try it by what rule you please, there seems to be a banishment of all point and of all spirit, unless you suppose that they will know each other when raised up and presented together, and gathered together, unto the Lord Jesus Christ.

To prove how disinterested was the

spirit and purpose of the first Christian teachers, they always rested their labors upon a reward: they did not deny that they contemplated a reward, and a reward full and comprehensive; but it was a reward not of this world, not of its withering palms, or its uncertain riches; it was a reward which consisted in the conversion, in the salvation, and in the glory of those spirits whom they had instrumentally rescued and saved. "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and our joy." "That I may rejoice in the day of the Lord that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain." "Look to yourselves, that ye receive a full reward." "That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Now all this, surely, is confirmation strong, the confirmation of Holy Writ, that the apostles antici-

pated a reward, and that that reward cannot, for a moment, be separated from the recognition of those who were the fruits of their ministry, and the seals of their zeal.

But when it is necessary to insinuate kindly and soothing solace more distinctly and more impressively into the mind, the veil is raised, the eternal world is developed. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ

shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Now, granting that the doctrine is rather assumed in Scripture than stated and illustrated, yet as all was truly implied, what testimony can be more distinct, what evidence more perfect, than that which we have now cited in your ears? When standing near the grave of Bethany, our Lord says, "Believest thou this?" and when, more directly, "Thy brother shall rise again;" was it that that brother was to be absorbed and lost in the myriads and the millions of spirits; so that the sisters who had lately laid him in the grave should see him and know him no more? But what has appeared to me a passage more completely pertinent than any other, is that in which the inspired apostle ad-

dressed Philemon. Onesimus had wronged him, but, by a providential course, the blind had been led by a way which he knew not, and directed by the apostolical preaching, he had become "a brother beloved in the Lord." How was the wrong to be repaired? and how was the injury to be overlooked? "For perhaps," said the correspondent—"perhaps he therefore departed for a season *that thou shouldest receive him forever:*" which would be altogether insignificant and unsuited, unless there was in the heavenly world such a recognition as that for which we contend, where a Philemon should see his converted slave who had departed from him for a season that he might (so had Providence overruled, and grace directed it) receive him forever.

And very frequently there are very plain mementos made in the Sacred Writings concerning those who have gone before

us: and those mementos surely are that we should carry our recollections, not to the tomb, but that we should project our thoughts and our memories into the world where all is light and all is known. "Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." In their inheritance of those promises were they not to be known, or not to be remembered, by us who attain to the same inheritance? "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation."

It is necessary, to complete this soothing consolation, to think of this world which they inherit, and to anticipate our union with them. "Here," said the apostle to those who were about to endure all the perils and the vicissitudes of Jerusalem's siege, all the horrors and all the afflictions which were coming upon the

devoted city—"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." In the mean time charity was to "cover the multitude of sins;" they were to "let brotherly love continue." How unnatural to think that this was all pent up within the present earth, and that in heaven those amiable feelings should enjoy no scope, and enjoy no expatiation!

The process of judgment seems to include this recognition of each other. A cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of Jesus shall not be without its reward. The Saviour, specifying those who are before Him, shall say, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Now, this is reflected in the persons of those who are in the crowd: "In-

asmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Then, when we go further, and consider the Christian doctrine upon the destruction and the overthrow of death, the triumph which has taken place over that monster, we find that the Sacred Writings abound in hints of illation and of evidence. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Death is swallowed up in victory." "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Now, this implies that all that death has done of evil and of pain shall be compensated, that the victory shall be stripped from him, that the sting shall be taken from him, and that, in fact, the chasm shall be filled up. But what has been a more bitter consequence of death than bereavement—the separation from relations, and the loss of friends?

How, if that is never repaired, can it be said that death has no sting, that the grave has no victory? How is it that you are enabled to shout that cry over the coffin, and over the hearse, and over the mausoleum, but that the dead shall live—but that they shall arise from the dust—but that you shall know them when re-organized and re-animated—when you shall meet them, spirits in glory and in bliss? The very triumph, therefore, which is to be achieved evolves, according to my apprehension, that that which is the principal bitter and evil in death shall be made up to us. And how can it be made up but by our re-union with those from whom we are now severed?

But think of the happiness of the heavenly world. Will all remembrance of that world which we have left be suspended? Shall we not think of the means of our conversion—what we have done

for others—what others have done for us? Hear the new language: "Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Is not this a rush of the past upon the soul? Is not this like living again? And how could we conceive of the zest and the vividness of the transport but by the contrast which earth with all its vicissitudes, and sin with all its sorrow, will supply?

We therefore think that it is not merely an intimation, that it is absolutely a discovery, that it is a clear doctrine of Scripture, that we shall know each other if, through infinite grace, we are "saved even as they."

We are not at all, however, unconscious that objections may be raised against this doctrine. It may be said to be a very restrictive one. Shall we not range at all?

Shall we not know all that family of heaven, formed as it is from the infinite family of earth? Let us remember that eternity is before us, and that the probability is, that we, in the compass of that eternity, may know and enjoy them all. But from what centre shall we at the earliest period proceed? How shall we commence that joy that shall be perpetuated and heightened through the ages of eternity? Is it restrictive and is it narrow to suppose that those with whom we have taken sweet counsel will be those whom we first shall address, or will be the first to accost us? And though it shall be only the commencement of that high and sublime familiarity, yet that familiarity will require commencement. And then, perhaps, as we go on, circle after circle, knowledge added to knowledge, endearment heaped upon endearment, as by a sort of intuition the disciples knew a

Moses and an Elijah, so may we know even as also we are known.

It may, perhaps, be further contended, that we shall be too much engaged in our own happiness to heed the enlargement of that happiness in the knowledge of others. But let us pause for a moment, and demand what knowledge is there that we require for this happiness. Is it the knowledge of esteem, and of love, and of friendship? And there is no happiness in religion which is contracted and selfish. So that we may look around on all that vast domain, and all that blood-bought multitude, and we may even inquire their former condition, as well as gaze upon their present immortality; and it will not be distracting to our own happiness, to say, "Who are these, and whence come they?" And, therefore, our happiness not being narrow and circumscribed, we are happy in loving others, in loving them

even as they love us. And thus shall it be perfected in us: we shall dwell in God, and God in us.

But shall we not (and we honor the sensitiveness of the objection)—shall we not be so enrapt in the vision of the Lamb—so enamored of the glory, of the beauty of Him who is in the midst of the throne, that there can be no vacancy in our eye for the creature, and not one nook in the heart in which a creature shall be enshrined? There is something honorable but mistaken in the objection; because, do we not *here* honor the Saviour? Said Paul, "They glorify God in me:" and there were those on earth of whom he spake, as being the glory of Christ; Christ was therefore magnified in them. And when there are harpers harping with their harps, and multitudes uniting in vocal chorus, will not the union of those sounds and the swell of those acclamations, induce

each other to love the Saviour as they are acquainted with each, entering into each other's sympathies and each other's joy?

But, it will be said, if we can remember the good, must we not remember the evil? If we recognize our beloved friends, must we not deplore the absence of those, who, whatever was their guilt, were dear to our bosoms, and were twined around our hearts? The love which we owe to our unconverted acquaintance and friends, it is not our purpose to condemn. Love them, and show that you have much sorrow in your hearts for your brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh: but remember, that whatever you deplore, on the supposition that they are now lost, or in any way put yourselves in an antagonist attitude to the divine will and the divine arrangement, there is a feeling which we denominate an amiable feeling, but which is really unamiable, if it is in contravention

of what the divine law has demanded and denounced. But you are perfect in heaven; that which is in part is done away, that which is perfect is come. You cannot conceive of that which is perfect in heaven, without the most entire, absolute acquiescence in what God has arranged, or what God has suffered. Then, though this feeling will not arise and not distress, we can most easily presage, that there it is unknown, exactly because the will of God is done in heaven: and whenever we ask that that will may be done now, it is that it may be "done on earth as it is in heaven." We know not that awful exultation which glorified spirits raise over the downfall of their spiritual adversaries; but the smoke of their torment may arise, and yet they shall cry "Hallelujah! the judgment of the enemies of God is come."

But is not this an unworthy consideration, that we might live indifferently; and,

amidst those sweet glimpses of other bright visions of heaven, which come on our spirits, might we not, at least, forget and even reject those whom we loved? My brother, we want nothing that reverses the nature that God gave us: we can find in religion nothing irrational, nothing unnatural: everything in religion is nothing but the refinement of what we are, the taking from us that which is gross and alloying. Now that which makes us capable of loving, must always be honorable to us: and what is there more pleasingly associated with the thought of home, than that there shall be some welcome tone falling on our ears—that there shall be some familiar feature reaching your eye—that there shall be something assuring and confidential in the manner of a few spirits grouped around us who know us, who are unveiled to us, and by whom we are as instantly recognized as we recognize them: and these

leading us forward to the very footstool of the throne, taking the place of the very "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." So that, angels having borne our spirits to the heavenly threshold, there shall be some of our best friends, our kindred there, ready to meet us, and there to dwell with them forever. It is not, O Saviour! to forget *thee* that we think of them whom thou hast loved, and whom we still love to remember.

Some of us have more links in heaven than on earth. Rejoice for friends safe housed, above the region of the shadow and the storm. Sing for them—

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,
Joy for thee, happy friend, thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam.
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd,
Home, home, thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd,
Thou art gone home."

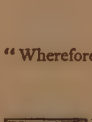
Do Departed Spirits Know their Friends on Earth? Yes!

By W. E. C.

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering on noiseless wing
The spirits of the dead.
It is a beautiful belief,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here;
To lend a moral to the flower,
Breathe wisdom on the wind
To hold communes at night's lone hour,
With the imprison'd mind;
To bid the mourner cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven;
To bear away from ills of clay
The infant to its heaven."

HEB. xii. 1.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."



HIS is a very interesting view of the future state, which seems to me to be a necessary consequence of the connection to be formed there with Jesus Christ. Those who go there from among us must retain the deepest interest in this world. Their ties to those they have left are not dissolved, but only refined. On this point, indeed, I want not the evidence of revelation; I want no other evidence than the essential principle and laws of the soul. If the future state is to be an improvement on the present, if intellect is to be invigorated and love expanded there, then memory, the fundamental power of the intellect,

must act with new energy on the past, and all the benevolent affections which have been cherished here must be quickened into a higher life. To suppose the present state blotted out hereafter from the mind, would be to destroy its use, would cut off all connection between the two worlds, and would subvert responsibility; for how can retribution be awarded for a forgotten existence? No; we must carry the present with us, whether we enter the world of happiness or woe. The good will indeed form new, holier, stronger ties above; but under the expanding influence of that better world, the human heart will be capacious enough to retain the old, whilst it receives the new; to remember its birth-place with tenderness whilst enjoying a maturer and happier being. Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to those they left, I should honor and love them less. The man who forgets his

home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature ; and if the good were to forget their brethren on earth in their new abode, were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father, could we think of them as improved by the change?

All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. But when I add to this, that the new-born heirs of heaven go to Jesus Christ, the great lover of the human family, who dwelt here, suffered here, who moistened our earth with his tears and blood, who has gone not to break off, but to continue and perfect his beneficent labors for mankind, whose mind never for a moment turns from our race, whose interest in the progress of his truth and the salvation of the tempted soul, has been growing more and more intense ever since he left our world, and who has thus bound up our race with his very being,—

when I think of all this, I am sure that they cannot forget our world. Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us that they never truly loved the race before: never before knew what it is to sympathize with human sorrow, to rejoice in human virtue, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. They now see what before dimly gleamed on them, the capacities, the mysteries of a human soul. The significance of that word Immortality is now apprehended, and every being destined to it rises into unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized as above all price.

Perhaps it may be asked, whether those born into heaven, not only remember with interest, but have a present, immediate knowledge of those whom they left on earth? On this point, neither Scripture

nor the principles of human nature give us light, and we are of course left to uncertainty. I will only say, that I know nothing to prevent such knowledge. We are indeed accustomed to think of heaven as distant; but of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe, so as to make heaven everywhere? are such beings probably circumscribed, as we are, by material limits? Milton has said,—

> "Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
> Both when we wake and when we sleep."

It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.

But suppose heaven to be remote. Still we on earth may be visible to its in-

habitants; still in an important sense they may be present; for what do we mean by presence? Am I not present to those of you who are beyond the reach of my arm, but whom I distinctly see? And is it at all inconsistent with our knowledge of nature, to suppose that those in heaven, whatever be their abode, may have spiritual senses, organs, by which they may discern the remote as clearly as we do the near? This little ball of sight can see the planets at the distance of millions of miles, and by the aids of science, can distinguish the inequalities of their surfaces. And it is easy for us to conceive of an organ of vision so sensitive and piercing, that from our earth the inhabitants of those far-rolling worlds might be discerned. Why, then, may not they who have entered a higher state, and are clothed with spiritual frames, survey our earth as distinctly as when it was their abode.

This may be the truth; but if we receive it as such, let us not abuse it. It is liable to abuse. Let us not think of the departed, as looking on us with earthly, partial affections. They love us more than ever, but with a refined and spiritual love. They have not but one wish for us, which is, that we may fit ourselves to join them in their mansions of benevolence and piety. Their spiritual vision penetrates to our souls. Could we hear their voice, it would not be an utterance of personal attachment, so much as a quickening call to greater effort, to more resolute self-denial, to a wider charity, to a meeker endurance, a more filial obedience of the will of God. Nor must we think of them as appropriated to ourselves. They are breathing now an atmosphere of divine benevolence. They are charged with a higher mission than when they trod the earth. And this thought of the enlargement of their love

should enlarge ours, and carry us beyond selfish regards to a benevolence akin to that with which they are inspired.

It is objected, I know, to the view I have given of the connection of the inhabitants of heaven with this world, that it is inconsistent with their happiness. It is said, that if they retain their knowledge of this state, they must suffer from the recollection or sight of our sins and woes; that to enjoy heaven, they must wean themselves from the earth. This objection is worse than superficial. It is a reproach to heaven and the good. It supposes, that the happiness of that world is founded in ignorance, that it is the happiness of the blind man, who, were he to open his eye on what exists around him, would be filled with horror. It makes heaven an elysium, whose inhabitants perpetuate their joy by shutting themselves up in narrow bounds, and hiding themselves from the

pains of their fellow-creatures. But the good, from their very nature, cannot thus be confined. Heaven would be a prison, did it cut them off from sympathy with the suffering. Their benevolence is too pure, too divine, to shrink from the sight of evil. Let me add, that the objection before us casts reproach on God. It supposes that there are regions of His universe which must be kept out of sight, which, if seen, would blight the happiness of the virtuous. But this cannot be true. There are no such regions, no secret places of woe which these pure spirits must not penetrate. There is impiety in the thought. In such a universe there could be no heaven.

Do you tell me that according to these views, suffering must exist in that blessed state? I reply, I do and must regard heaven as a world of sympathy. Nothing, I believe, has greater power to attract the

regards of its benevolent inhabitants, than the misery into which any of their fellow-creatures may have fallen. The suffering which belongs to a virtuous sympathy, I cannot, then, separate from heaven. But that sympathy, though it has sorrow, is far from being misery. Even in this world, a disinterested compassion, when joined with power to minister to suffering, and with wisdom to comprehend its gracious purposes, is a spirit of peace, and often issues in the purest delight. Unalloyed, as it will be in another world, by our present infirmities, and enlighted by comprehensive views of God's perfect government, it will give a charm and loveliness to the sublimer virtues of the blessed, and like all other forms of excellence, will at length enhance their felicity.

"God gives us love. Sometimes to love
He *lends* us; but when love has grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone."

TENNYSON.

The Lamb in the Midst of the Throne.

By JAMES PARSONS,
OF YORK.

"Sing we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

"Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear,
One shepherd and one fold.

"Toil, trial, suffering shall await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song.

"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

"Worthy the Lamb! on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting!
Thy victory, O grave?"

REV. v. 6.

"And I beheld, and lo! in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain."

THERE will be a glorious manifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ in the heavenly world. There will be a manifestation of *His person*—that personal manifestation involving His exalted human nature, and that nature in visible connection with His divinity; a manifestation of *His offices*—that manifestation, especially, having relation to His priesthood and to His royalty; and a manifestation of the person and offices of the Saviour, which shall be *unchanging* and *eternal*. Thus shall be "beheld the Lamb as it had been slain."

It is a portion of the moral glory of the

Lord Jesus Christ, in heaven, that He cannot be beheld without the highest and most delightful results upon the minds of the celestial inhabitants who dwell around Him. And in illustration of this I would observe—

That from the manifestation of the Lord Jesus, there will be secured to us, above all things, purity. The character of the Lord Jesus himself is that of perfect and unsullied purity; and it is impossible but that there should be a conforming and an assimilating influence exercised upon all those who are brought spiritually to commune with Him. Our souls shall assume a nobleness and consciousness of rectitude which shall speak of purity itself, as we are daily exercised in gazing upon Christ himself. This will arise from our constantly being brought into communion with Him, the being near Him, and imbibing the loveliness and glory of His

Divine nature. "What precious substance art thou?" said the philosopher in the poetic fable to an odoriferous substance, which he took from the earth. "I am but," was the answer—"I am but a lump of clay; but I was placed by the side of the rose, and I partook of its fragrance." And who knows not the influence of the Rose of Sharon upon the dull and heavy clay of our corrupt mortality, when placed in such intimate connection with it? Redeemed men in the present world have felt the influence already, obscure and partial as is their communion with Him, and frequent and powerful as are the obstacles to their progression and their spiritual advancement; and they must, by analogy, be made to feel that influence with master-power, when they dwell in the immediate palace of His glory. And there are powerful reasons, I conceive, for believing, that the holy angels

derive no small or insignificant motives for the maintenance of their sinless state, from constantly "looking unto Jesus;" and surely those who have been redeemed by His precious blood from our apostate race, will find, in their contemplation of Him, reasons for incessant and invariable conformity to His likeness. Besides this we must remember what will be the nature of those employments in the celestial world, in which He will engage them while they shall dwell before Him. And so it is, according to the conclusion of inspiration, that "we shall be like Him" because "we shall see Him as He is;" and we shall be like Him forever, because we shall see Him forever.

Again: *we would further observe, that while this manifestation secures purity, it will also be found to secure pleasure.* The angels, to whom we have adverted—those bright beings with whom we are brought

into juxtaposition by the sublime chapter which is before us—are always exhibited to us in sacred writ as taking high and holy pleasure in contemplating the work of redemption. They were "the morning stars" who of old "sang together," and they are "the sons of God" who "shouted for joy," as they saw creation perfected as a theatre for the work of redemption—they were the host who came down to the shepherds of Bethlehem, as they "kept watch over their flocks by night," celebrating the Advent hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men"—they were the beings who were near when the mysterious cry was heard from the summit of Calvary, "it is finished"—these were they who bore the tidings upward and to distant worlds, that the world on which we live was recovered from ruin, that the great debt of humanity had been paid, and that the world, relieved

from its load of sin and darkness, was saved and was redeemed. With joy they attended His grave, as He burst the cerements of the tomb. With joy they hailed Him as He ascended into heaven, and brought Him thither to His glory as "the King of glory." These are the beings who with the same gladness shall attend Him, when at the last pomp of judgment "He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's glory, and in the glory of the holy angels." And their expanded and noble bosoms are found, throughout the whole of this statement, to throb with perennial and ecstatic joy, as they behold Him in the consummation of His kingdom. And, then, as to redeemed men, is it not the law of their spiritual existence, that converse with Christ shall always be the source of pleasure? Have you never felt or took pleasure, while you have communed with Christ? And has not the

scantiness of your pleasure been because of the scantiness of your fellowship and communion with the Lamb? Do you not know by experience, as the apostle has told you, that we have "joy and peace in believing" upon Him? And is not the language of the apostle Peter that on which you delight to meditate as the truth, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls"? And shall we not well say, in connection with the present and the future, in the verse of one of our poets—

> "Here I behold Thy distant face,
> And 'tis a pleasant sight;
> But to abide in Thine embrace,
> Is infinite delight?"

Yes, "infinite delight!" For, gazing upon the Lamb that was slain, there is a perfect

consciousness of *reconciliation*, there is a perfect consciousness of *security*, there is a perfect consciousness of a title to the enjoyments and fruitions which the cabinet of everlasting love can bestow upon the objects of its care; and while we go into the deep things of eternity, and develop the mysteries and the successive wonders of the Saviour's character and love, there must be delights that must be rapturous and well-nigh overwhelming. Yes, "infinite delight!" Now, a measure of that delight is yours; but what shall be the delight when the consummation of all shall come! You shall gaze upon the Babe of Bethlehem, and upon the Man of sorrows, and upon the Victim of Calvary; sacrificed for our salvation, "the Lamb slain" for us; you shall gaze upon the Conqueror of death and hell, the Master of the universe "upholding all things by the word of His power," the Redeemer of

countless multitudes of immortal spirits—and of yours. And as now the door of heaven seems to be opened, and the blaze of the eternal splendor shines from the outer courts of the temple to the distant scenes where we are permitted to worship, does not the pleasure almost become to us as a pain?—and overwhelmed by the suddenness of the glory, we cannot but exclaim, "Wait for a season; it is too much for mortality to bear; dim the splendor! veil the vision! wait till my pilgrimage is finished! wait till my fight is fought! wait till the frail tabernacle of clay is crumbled into dust, and the emancipated spirit with gigantic energy can gaze on the mighty wonders of eternity; and then—let it come, and I will delight myself in the fulness of joy."

But again: *the manifestation of the Saviour's presence in the heavenly world, while producing purity and pleasure, also,*

we find, secures praise. There is an external expression of mental emotion, to which we cannot but here, as one of the main parts of our subject, direct your earnest regard. That external expression may be properly comprehended in one term—*praise.* And the praise of heaven, in beholding the manifestation of Christ, must resolve itself into two departments; it is the praise of worship—and it is the praise of gratitude.

It is the praise of worship. When the Lamb is beheld in the midst of the throne and the cherubim and the elders, and when a recognition goes forth of His mingled humanity and divinity, in the manner which we have explained, we find that the highest spirits of the skies engage themselves in humble and solemn worship. Read the 7th verse of the chapter: "He came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne," as

the person by whose mediatorial work alone, (involving humanity and divinity,) the mysterious purposes of the Father were to be fulfilled; "and when he had taken the book, the four living creatures" (being undoubtedly the "cherubim" of Moses and of Ezekiel) "and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb," in the attitude of worship, "having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." Here is adoration of the Lamb; here is prayer to the Lamb;—a distinct and positive recognition of His divinity. And what an invincible testimony, what a delightful verification is this to us of the rectitude of our worship, which we render to the Lamb that was slain! Like the primitive Christians, we "worship Christ as God;" and the cherubim and saints in heaven also worship Christ as God. There is no disbeliever in the great fact of

His proper and essential divinity there. All heaven brings its homage to His footstool; and each one, presenting that homage, looks up to Him, acknowledging, "My Lord and my God!" Christian, let us rejoice in the divinity of our Master: the great seal to the security of His work, the efficacy of His sacrifice, and the final certainty of His triumph; and from this earthly sanctuary and on this earthly Sabbath, let the language and the feeling of adoration ascend there; and let our whispers, feeble as they are, be blended with the strong and loud voice of celestial adoration; and let those whispers be heard from us, as we bend before Him, saying, "My Lord and my God!"

It is the praise of gratitude. There is expression, not only of homage to Him, on account of His inherent greatness, but on account of the immense and matchless and infinite benefits we have received

from Him. Take the verses that succeed the one recently read. Having presented their adoration, and being by adoration prepared for expression of gratitude, "they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth:" the term "the earth" being the Jewish language for Canaan, and Canaan being the type of heaven, and the saints before the second advent (whose song is here especially referred to) anticipating their everlasting reign in the celestial Canaan by His blood. "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and

thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." And this is the music of heaven! the music of gratitude to the Lamb that was slain! music such as never yet the skill of human taste could invent, or the harmony of human instruments or voices give utterance to. What is its theme? The noblest theme which the boundless universe can exhibit. What its strain? The strain of perfect melody, poured forth by those who are perfect in the presence of their God. What the number of those who are en-

gaged in it? Number without number; all holy angels, and all the redeemed of men, of all ages and ranks and nations. And this is the music of heaven! In the deep silence of the soul we seem to hear it; and scarcely do we believe, but that from the breezes of the skies even now are wafted down to us some notes of those deep songs of joy. Be it ours, amidst our songs and our internal emotions, to aspire for the final fruition; and taking refuge again in the language of poetry, breathe our own aspiration—

"Now let me rise and join the song,
And be an angel too;
My head, my ear, my heart, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

"I would begin the music here,
And so my soul would rise;
Oh for some heavenly power to bear
My passions to the skies!"

"And I beheld, and lo! a Lamb as it had been slain!"

"Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's illumined eye
Thy golden gates appear!

"My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above."

Perfect Manhood in Heaven.

By JAMES SPENCE, D.D.,
POULTRY CHAPEL, LONDON.

"I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now:
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath roll'd and left its stain.

"I have found the joy of heaven,
I am one of its saintly band;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious vaults of heaven ring
With my new-born melody.

"No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears are fled, my doubts all plain,
My hour of triumph come.
O friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you!"

MATT. V. 12.

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven."

THE REWARD OF THE CHRISTIAN WILL INCLUDE THE PERFECTION OF REDEEMED MANHOOD. I say of redeemed manhood, because the redeemed alone can inherit this reward, and they will carry all the powers and attributes of their nature with them. The fact of their redemption will forever enhance the glory of their perfection; for humanity fallen and redeemed, will be higher than humanity unfallen and innocent. Virtue tried and proved, established and secured, at an amazing expenditure of toil and tears, is higher than virtue untempted and unassailed. The perfection of purity redeemed from evil and made victorious,

must, in a creature, be more majestic and glorious than that of purity which has never been tried. Hence to manhood redeemed there will be experiences, felicities, and glories in its future perfection, which could neither belong to, nor be realized by, manhood that had never sinned.

We may have a better idea of what its future perfection will be if we consider some of the attributes of our nature here, —in this life.

1. Man is a *sentient* being. He is related here to an external world, which supplies him with many sources of enjoyment and many means of improvement. What contributions, for instance, to our happiness and good does the eye afford—the sense by which we perceive the manifold beauties of the lower creation, or scan the transcendent glories of the empyrean! How vastly are we indebted to the ear, by which we hear the utterances of nature,

the tones of eloquence, and the harmonies of sound! How much of elevating instruction, virtuous pleasure, and sacred contemplation may we find in objects with which we are conversant through our senses! And will there be no equivalent —no similar source of enjoyment in the Christian's future reward? Assuredly there will. These attributes of our being, then free from frailty and imperfection, will be in active exercise. The saint is not to be unclothed, but clothed upon. The body is to be redeemed as well as the soul, and the future body, though called a "spiritual body," will be still a body somehow related to the present—perhaps as the bright butterfly is related to the unseemly chrysalis, or as the rich and beauteous flower is related to the seed from which it has sprung. It is true that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven; these are the constituent elements of our present

"vile body," which is hereafter to be changed and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. Then all that is mortal and corruptible will have forever passed away, and the energies and exercises of our sentient being will be perfect. What sources of enjoyment will be ours, through the medium of the spiritual body, we cannot tell. What scenes of glory will meet the eye, what sounds of melody will greet the ear, the future must disclose; but the capability of such enjoyments, free from all our present infirmity, will assuredly be possessed by us.

2. Man is a *rational*—an *intelligent* being. He has the power of thought, affection, and volition. These attributes of humanity will go with us into the mansions of our Father's house, and they will there be perfect, and helped in their exercise by that part of our nature which now so often and so much hinders them. The

body will then no longer be a clog upon the efforts and aspirations of the soul; reason will no more clash with conscience; inclination will no more conflict with judgment; imagination will no more be curbed by passion, or at war with the understanding; all the powers of our intellectual and emotional nature will be in happy harmony, and in joyous exercise. Here, with all our infirmity and imperfection, contemplation and thought are often sources of high delight. The pursuit of truth yields a sacred pleasure; the exercise of the affections ministers to our virtue and our felicity. And will there be no equivalent in the character of the Christian's reward hereafter? Certainly there must be. Our consciousness, and all our powers of thought and intelligence, we shall take with us to be perfected on high. And if here the pursuit of truth, and the exercise of reason, and the power of reflection bring

such high enjoyment; what must they be hereafter, when the scales will have fallen forever from the mental eye, when no cloud will veil the sky of that bright world to which we rise, when we shall see and know as we are seen and known? It is not for us here to know, for "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is reported of Sir Isaac Newton, that when, after years of toil and investigation, he was just about to reach a height of knowledge where he could see things in the region of truth and the field of science hitherto unseen, the joy of success was too much for him; he sat down and wept like a child! And if the powers of our intelligence are susceptible of such enjoyment here, what will it be hereafter, when beyond the reach of imperfection and obscurity? On what fields of truth, amidst what scenes of glory, reason, perfected and free, will then rejoice to

roam, we cannot tell; but if the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy over the creation of our world, we may be well assured that the works and ways of God will afford us heights of truth on which we may forever climb, amidst which we may forever soar.

3. Man is a *moral and spiritual* being. This is his great distinction here; this will be the glory of his perfection hereafter. His moral nature, injured here so much by sin, but redeemed by grace, he will take with him; and this perfected, will be his undying and unfading glory. Jehovah's effulgent glory is His character—the glory of infinite goodness; so the high glory of His people will be the moral perfection of their manhood. This seems almost to surpass our conception, because now so many elements of depravity and imperfection are within us and around us; but hereafter the Christian will be beyond the

reach of sin, and the range of Satan's power. Moral evil and imperfection will no more have a place in his nature, or an influence in his life. To those who earnestly struggle here with indwelling sin, how glorious is the prospect! Conscience will have perfect action; reason will have perfect light; the heart will be filled with pure affection. Into heaven there can enter nothing that defileth; nothing that worketh abomination; nothing that maketh a lie. The obedience and homage, the purity and sinlessness of that region will be perfect. The inhabitants are kings and priests to God; they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. No error leads their intellect astray; no stain pollutes their conscience: no wickedness defiles the heart. It is the pure in heart alone that see God amidst the glory and resplendence of the upper sanctuary; for without holiness no

man can see Him. Look at Christ, my brethren, the spotless model of perfect manhood; how glorious and pure was His course amongst men! Above the atmosphere of earth, He fed on the air of heaven: in our world He moved like a form of light and life amidst its darkness and its death. His humanity was the temple of His Godhead, where all the attributes of divinity most gloriously reigned. Purity was enshrined in His soul, perfect wisdom ruled in His mind, and infinite love was enthroned in His heart. And as you think of Him, remember the Christian's reward in the future perfection of his moral nature, announced in the blessed assurance that "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is," faultless before the throne, "not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." Who does not look longingly to this reward? Who does not with joy anticipate the period when he shall be free

from sin—forever beyond the reach of temptation and of evil?

4. Man is a *social being*. He was made for brotherhood; and his Maker said at first, that it was not good for him to be alone. Solitude, protracted and uninterrupted, may deaden energy, induce misanthropy, and dethrone reason; and if, in a world where selfishness reigns, society is nevertheless a joy and a delight, what must it be in a world where selfishness has no dominion? The love of society is an element of our nature, which will certainly be exercised and perfected hereafter. In the present life its exercise is imperfect, its joy is frequently interrupted, and its influence often evil. At best society is mixed, and earthly fellowship, even where it is gladdening, is often more or less impure. But our social feelings, as part of our nature, will go with us, and, redeemed from evil, will have perfect exercise in the

life to come. What a society will there be in heaven! What a brotherhood of the redeemed! What a "general assembly" of the faithful! What a bond of union! What a fraternity of feeling there! The goodly fellowship of the prophets; the glorious company of the apostles; the noble army of martyrs; an innumerable company of angels; all will be there, around the throne of God and of the Lamb. This will be association of perfect unity, pure fellowship, and heavenly love: this will be to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with Paul, and James, and John, in our Father's house above: this will be the "inheritance of the saints in light;" and the climax of glory is conveyed in the assurance of our Lord himself to all His disciples, "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that WHERE I AM, THERE YE MAY BE ALSO." How pure, then, and glorious will be the sociality of heaven!

Do not ask, whether, in such brotherhood and association, there will be recognition? How can we doubt it? Everything in the gospel seems favorable to this idea. Will the apostles be ignorant of each other in the future life? Had not Moses and Elias preserved their identity as they appeared at the transfiguration of Christ? Shall we sit down with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles without being permitted or privileged to know them? How can there be heavenly love in all its fulness without heavenly recognition? Is not knowledge here essential to true affection? and must it not be so hereafter? Can "the communion of saints" be perfect, where there is no recognition of each other? Would recognition be an element of joy, a means of instruction and of growing knowledge? Then doubtless it will be realized, and be an element of society in the region of the Christian's

reward. The social element of our nature will thus be perfected hereafter on high. Once more,

5. Man is an *active being*. He was formed for activity, so that there is hardly a greater misery than complete inaction. Adam tilled and dressed the garden of Eden before he fell; but labor was not then a toil, nor had it then a curse. Activity is essential to happiness, and activity will unquestionably be a feature of the Christian's future reward. Angels who dwell and gladden in the presence of Jehovah, are represented as excelling in strength, and as always active in accomplishing the will of God; and shall not the redeemed be active? Is all the discipline, and trial, and preparation, through which they pass here, for nothing —without any reference to the future? No; it is to fit them for the service, as well as for the songs of heaven. The

Christian life is not complete here unless action be combined with reflection, unless work is associated with worship; and so surely it must be hereafter. We know not what facilities of intercourse there will be, but, as kings and priests unto God, the redeemed cannot be inactive; they are represented as serving God day and night in His temple. It is true that heaven is rest, but service there will not be toil; activity will produce neither weariness nor fatigue. Here it was declared by the Lord himself that it is more blessed to give than to receive; this blessedness the saints in a degree experience as they are zealous for God and truth, and surely it will not end with their abode in this world. To give as well as to receive will ever be their privilege, although we cannot tell what works they shall perform, what ministries they shall accomplish, what victories they shall

achieve. And we have every reason to conclude that this activity will be varied—varied as are the powers and dispositions of the people of God here on earth—varied as are the employments of angels now in heaven. God manifestly delights in variety; and there is no ground for supposing that this principle of variety will be abolished in the future state. In the heavenly world every saint will find his place, and all will be employed to the glory of the Eternal King.

Such will be the perfection of redeemed *manhood;* such the perfection involved in the Christian's reward.

"Dry thy tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her
Of the form so soft and fair,
Give to earth the tender care.

"In the better hour of Eva,
Let the shining ones receive her;

With the welcomed voicèd psalm,
Harp of gold and waving palm!

"All is light and peace with Eva,
There the darkness cometh never;
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

"Weep no more for happy Eva;
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her;
Care and pain and weariness,
Lost in love so measureless.

"Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer;
Listen at the Master's knee,
'Suffer such to come to me.'

"Oh for faith like thee, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river;
And the blessings of the poor,
Wafting to the heavenly shore!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heaven; or, the Nightless World.

By WILLIAM CHALMERS, M.A.,
OF MARYLEBONE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"Is then the world to which I fly, a world
Of souls, or do we perish in the instant
Life quits the body? No! some instinct tells me
All minds are then expanded to perfection;
They can see further into the dim past,
They can think further into the wide future,
Than we can here imagine; free from all
The uneven combinations of gross matter,
With fire ethereal that on earth compound it,
Making it now a god, and now a beast;
So 'twill be likewise then, exempt from all
The evil changes which it here endures,
That tell it is link'd to earthly stuff,
And make it pant to burst its prison-house."

REV. xxi. 25.

"For there shall be no night there."

IGNORANCE is associated with our idea of night. And hence the declaration, that there is "no night" in heaven, must be understood as meaning that heaven is a place where *ignorance* is unknown—*the seat of perfect knowledge.*

The darkness and the night of ignorance, in contrast with the day and light of knowledge, are emblems with which all are familiar. They are household words. As darkness conceals everything from view, so light makes everything visible. The one is the source of ignorance, the other of knowledge: "Whatsoever doth make manifest," saith the apostle, "is light." Is there, then, no night in heaven?

Then there ignorance is unknown; it is the seat of perfect knowledge. Oh! how far otherwise with the world in which we live! It is described in Scripture as "a dark place." Darkness is said to "cover the earth, gross darkness the people;" by which is meant, that men are naturally ignorant of all which it is needful for them to know in their relation to God, either as creatures or as sinful creatures.

And even in the people of God, into whose heart "He hath shined to give the light of the knowledge of His glory," that knowledge is at the best a dark and limited thing. They are in "a land where the light is as darkness." They know, indeed, for the Spirit of Truth hath showed it to them, that in Christ alone is salvation. But what do they know of Christ himself? What of the glories of His supreme divinity?—what of the lustre of His spotless humanity?—what of His unsearchable

riches—of His overflowing fulness—of His amazing condescension—of His surpassing greatness? How little is their acquaintance with the blessed Jehovah; with His infinite and unchangeable nature, His wondrous works, and His exalted ways! True, with the eyes which He has unscaled, they cannot look abroad on nature's splendid works, without discovering the footsteps of nature's mighty God. Would they behold His power? They "look up into the heavens which His own fingers framed." His goodness? They see it in the earth around, which it waters like a mighty river. His wisdom? It is written in themselves, "fearfully and wonderfully made." His justice? Why are they "troubled on every side"? His patience? If it was not boundless, they were not here. True, that when they turn from the vast creation, and from providence to the revelation of God in the

Gospel of His Son, there in the face of Jesus Christ, His glory shines with an effulgence yet more bright; there, are "treasures of wisdom and knowledge," an exhibition of the Divine perfections that makes their eyes to glisten and their hearts to burn. Still "these are parts of His ways." The full "thunder" of His perfections, what heart can comprehend? Not only do clouds hang thick upon the throne, but by reason of the darkness and the mist of sin, which still enwraps their spirits, they are blind to half the brightness of those characters, in which God has writ His excellency on the work and person of His Son. And, then, how much of what they acknowledge as truth is profoundly mysterious! What difficulties stand forth on every side! How many intricacies to be unravelled, and discrepancies to be reconciled! How often, when musing on the Almighty and His

dealings, are they compelled to exclaim, "Unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" And what is their knowledge of the plague of their own hearts? They are ashamed to speak of it. So deceitful above all things are their hearts, so desperately wicked, so sadly wayward, so strangely inconsistent, that they cannot know them. The light they have is but a beam shot across the chaos within, revealing some features of its hideousness. Their wisdom is just sufficient to show them, as they trembling look, that there is but a step between them and death. But "there shall be no night there."

In contrast to all that we have said, heaven is a place of *perfect knowledge*. We pretend not to say what various kinds of knowledge may illumine the spirits of the just. We presume not to decide whether philosophy shall take her seat

in heaven, and science throw open her mysterious treasures, and taste exhibit the chambers of her richest imagery; but we are entitled to believe, that as truth is the natural food of the soul, which it greedily desires and joyfully receives; that as truth is the peculiar ornament of the mind, clothing it with grace and lustre; that, as truth is the special wealth of reason, making it prosperous and strong; that, as truth is to the inner man what light is to the outer world, the source of activity and joy; that, as error and doubts are the defects and deformity of the soul—then, because heaven is a place of perfection, knowledge, which is the possession of truth, will be perfect there. It will embrace all that can ennoble and enrich and embellish our nature; all that can give to our head the "ornament of grace," and "the crown of glory."

Heaven is a place where *sin is unknown*

—*the seat of perfect holiness.* Light is the fairest and the purest of earthly things, if that can be called earthly which is a heaven-born visitant. It is the parent of beauty, and seems almost to create what it only reveals. Utterly incapable of being itself defiled, and the enemy of all pollution, by disclosing its loathsomeness, it is a striking emblem of moral purity. Hence, while deeds of wickedness are called "deeds of darkness," holiness is styled "the armor of light." Of God, the fountain of purity, it is said, that He "is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." The dominion of sin is called the "power of darkness;" and those who are in some degree sanctified, are entitled "the children of light."

Of the holiness of the men of the world we need not speak. It is a thing unknown. Some knowledge they may have even in this dark place; some acquaint-

ance with the subjects of revelation; but their knowledge, instead of purifying, only tends to deepen the pollution of their souls. It is in contrast with the imperfect holiness of God's people on earth that our text declares of heaven, "There shall be no night there." Even in the holiest of God's people on earth, much of the night and darkness of sin, in which they were born, remains. Their sun does not always so brightly shine. There is much below to dim the lustre of their moral beauty. They have indeed been brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light; but their day is a day of cloud and storm. There is a "law in their members warring against the law of their minds." "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh." Faith is in conflict with unbelief; the love of Christ struggles with the love of the world; courage with timidity; zeal with indifference; self-denial

with self-indulgence; impatience with submission; humility with pride. Hope triumphs over fear, when the green mountain-tops are seen to rise above the waters of some mighty deluge; but when the tempest is heard again to howl, and the waters are seen again to prevail, hope's anchor fails; and the storm-tossed soul can find no rest, and beats about in the deep anguish of despair. Heavenly affections mount towards their God, and already they seem to have touched and to be gilded by that light which is on the borders of the happy land; but alas! the sun goes down; they wander in a pathless region; and the gathering darkness sends them back to earth. But "there shall be no night there."

There, there will be perfect holiness, an entire conformity of soul to the will of God. Here, the ransomed spirit is but "coming up from the miry wilderness,

leaning on its Beloved;" there, it reposes in His bosom, His ornament and delight. Here, it is clothed in garments spotted with the flesh; there, in the pure and spotless robes of heaven. Here, it is not holy yet, but knowing the beauty, it pants after the possession of perfect holiness; but the soul is without sin or blemish there. No remnant or effect, no stain or trace of the accursed thing is on it. It breathes an atmosphere that is untainted, and it breathes it without ever tainting it. It rests from the conflicts that now weary it. It casts off the fears that now perplex it. Partaker of the Divine nature, it bears the lineaments of the Divine countenance; and like the ocean, in an evening calm, reflecting with unbroken image the glories of that heaven to which its face is ever turned, the soul above shall be like God himself, because it "sees Him as He is."

But heaven is a place where *all is*

safety. "There the wicked cease from troubling." There the voice of the oppressor is heard no more. There the Christian's purity dreads no assault; his holiness fears no decay. This is beautifully taught us by the expression—"There shall be no night there." Night, you all know, is the season of danger, real or imaginary. In darkness we have a natural feeling of insecurity. We are afraid to move a step, because we do not know where to place it. Then does the traveller stumble in his benighted way. Then does the midnight thief invade our possessions, and the stealthy assassin assail our life. But how safe must be the holiness of heaven; how far away all peril and all gloom; how bright the picture of security and peace, when of the happy city it is said—"Its gates shall not be shut at all by day; there shall be no night there!"

Men are prone to cherish the idea, that

heaven is a place of lazy and listless repose. This we believe to be a serious mistake. We have no sympathy with those who speak of heaven as the seat of indolent and luxurious inactivity. The poet may kindle at the thought of it, as a region of richest beauty and sweetest fragrance. He may speak with rapture of its everlasting hills and its smiling valleys—of its fields clothed with endless verdure, and its gardens radiant with unfading flowers —of the life that breathes in every wind, and that flows in every stream—and of all the other airy and romantic visions which imagination can call up, and fancy picture. He may talk of the spirits of the just made perfect, reposing themselves on flowery banks, in shadowy groves, and, without fear or care, laughing an eternity away. Oh! surely, that were a "paradise of fools." That can be no fit enjoyment for the ransomed sons of God.

Does not Scripture breathe a different spirit, and speak another language? Night is the season of listlessness and inactivity; day, the period of zealous toil. What is more swift than the wings of the morning light? what more sluggish, dull, and dead, than the mist and the darkness? If, then, of heaven, it is true that there shall be no night, no darkness there, what other lesson can be taught but this, that it is a scene of constant employment, that there will be no cessation in the active exertions of heaven?

Instead of regarding earth as a place of labor, and heaven as the seat of rest; we should rather view the present as the scene of discipline, and trial, and training, intended to furnish us with strength and skill for the really active duties of the world to come.

What all these duties may be we know not; but unquestionably there will be per-

petual activity, the constant service of God. Were it not so, the Christian would be miserable. On earth he can do little for Him whom he loves. He has so much to do for himself; so many sins to destroy, so many enemies to conquer. And, therefore, he looks forward to heaven as a place, where, profiting by this scene of training and probation, and putting forth the manly strength which here he gained, he shall be able to do much for God; a place, where, freed from every encumbering weight, and every sin that now besets and grieves him, shaking off and leaving far behind the clay that clogs his feet on earth, he shall keep pace with the angels, swift as light; and with affections intent and never wavering, always burning, never wasting, quick as the lightning's glance, steady and unruffled as the sunbeam's tide, he shall never need to rest him on his messages of mercy, but, borne on rapid and unwearied wing, shall

hold on in his steady and unfaltering way, doing the bidding and accomplishing the ends of that everlasting Friend, whom he delights to serve in the heavenly temple.

And as heaven is a place of perfect activity, so is it a place of *perfect joy*.

The very activity will be sweeter than repose; and what is spoken of on earth will be realized above—"the very toil will be the pleasure." Here activity is followed by languor and fatigue, and hence, with night, we associate the idea of needful repose. It is the season when weariness calls us to rest. But "there shall be no night there;" activity without exhaustion, labor without lassitude, nothing that requires the aid of repose and sleep, for suffering is a stranger there.

This characteristic of the heavenly state —its perfect joy—is strikingly set forth in Holy Scripture. With darkness we connect the ideas of sorrow and pain; with

light, those of joy and gladness. "Light is sown for the righteous; joy for the upright in heart." "Night is the time to weep," because then none can look upon our tears; but in heaven there are no tears to hide, no need of night to hide them. In this life our condition is neither perfectly good, nor perfectly evil; our light is "neither clear nor dark." Mercy sweetens one cup, judgment embitters the next. To-day Providence smiles upon us; to-morrow it seems our enemy. At one time we are surrounded by lovers and friends, but soon we are solitary and forlorn. The gourd of which we were exceeding glad has early withered; the mountain which we thought stood strong has failed us. Our best comforts are blighted, shrivelled, lost. And hence the nights on earth are many and dark. At the very best, this is a painful and a checkered scene; a series of combats and victories, of defeats and tri-

umphs, of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows. And so it must ever be, while our knowledge is imperfect, and our holiness partial and subject to decay. But "weeping endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning." The days on earth may be evil; they are few. Soon will the darkness be past, and the true light shine. There shall be "no night" in heaven. There the tear of sorrow never wets the cheek, the heart is never wrung with anguish, the icy hand of death itself is dead. In God's presence is "fulness of joy." "At His right hand pleasures for evermore." "The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light,

and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

"In heaven there's rest! that thought hath a power
To scatter the shades of life's dearest hour;
Like the sunbeam it dawns on a stormy sky,
Like the first glimpse of home to a traveller's eye,
'Tis the balm of the heart, of sorrow the cure,
The hope that deceives not, the promise that's sure.

"In heaven there's rest; oh, how deep that repose!
Life's bitterness past with its follies and woes;
Its passions all hush'd like the waves of the deep,
When tempests expire, and winds are asleep;
And only soft airs and sweet odors arise,
Like incense of evening that soars to the skies.

"Those sounds breathe sweet music, in heaven there's rest,
I long to escape to the land of the blest;
Inspired by the prospect through life's busy day,
To act and to suffer, to watch and to pray;
Then gladly exchange, when the summons is given,
The tumults of earth for the calmness of heaven."

The Inheritance of the Saints.

By WILLIAM JAY,
OF BATH.

"High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfaded mansions rise:
Glad within the blest abode
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious cares corrode,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

"'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love;—
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lull'd to rest the aching head;
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

"All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away;
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest."

RAFFLES.

1 Pet. i. 3, 4.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."

AN inheritance properly signifies patrimonial or hereditary property, in contradistinction to what is obtained by purchase, or received as wages or reward. And this blessing, this glory, comes to us from relationship; for we are children and heirs; "And if children," says the apostle, "then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." But it is not the name, but the nature of the object, on which we wish to enlarge a little. And yet, how shall we order our speech here, by reason of dark-

ness? What do we know of this object? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God has prepared for them that love Him." But though it be a "glory to be revealed" as to its full disclosures, it is a glory already revealed as to the reality and the essence. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." We have allusions, if not resemblances. We are told what it is not, rather than what it is; and Peter furnishes us with four articles concerning it.

I. Telling us that the inheritance is "*incorruptible*." Everything here tends to dissolution, and is corruptible. Kings die, and their thrones moulder away. Where now are the remains of Noah's ark, and Moses' rod, and Solomon's temple, and the wood of the cross on which

our Saviour hung? They are all among the lumber of oblivion. Where now is all that was venerable in relation, all that was sacred in office, once? "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" Where now is what was once dear to affection, and lovely in appearance? Why, you have inscribed over it—

> "How loved, how valued once, avails thee not,
> To whom related, or by whom begot;
> A heap of dust, alone, remains of thee;
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

All that your eyes behold is going; and *you* are going. The world is doomed to perish. "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up." Well, therefore, says Young—

> "All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond
> Is substance. The reverse is folly's creed.
> How solid all, where change is known no more!"

II. He tells us that it is an inheritance "*undefiled*." Sin is the source of mortality. Of all we possess and enjoy here, sin is the worm at the root, and the mildew in the bud. Man was sent into this world pure and innocent; but he disobeyed his Maker, and became a sinner; and now depravity is even natural to him. For "what is man that he should be clean?" "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" His foul hands pollute all that they touch; and his foul heart defiles all that it enjoys.

There are few inheritances which are undefiled. Trace them back, and you will find them frequently originating in violence, or knavery, or injustice. Then examine and inquire how they are used; and oh! what forgetfulness of God you will find! Oh! what improper hoardings! Oh! what improper expenditure! What provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts

thereof! What pride of life! What weapons derived from them with which to wage war against the Almighty Benefactor! They may well be called in general "the Mammon of unrighteousness." But into *that* world enters nothing "that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." The "pure in heart" only shall see God. The Author of the blessedness is holy; the companions of it are holy; the pleasures and the employments of it are holy. There will be "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" only.

III. He tells us also that this inheritance "*fadeth not away.*" Does not this, you ask, interfere with the first article, which tells us that it is "incorruptible"? We answer, No; it adds to it. Surely freshness and vigor may be given to continuance. The plant may not die, and yet it may droop. The flower fades, and even

dies; but life resides in the root, and therefore it buds again. The meaning is, not only that there shall be no annihilation, but no decline, and no variation; not only that all will be living, but always living, always new; that it will not only be in existence, but always flourishing and green. Ah! my brethren,

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dress'd in living green."

Yes:

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign;"

and we are told—

> "There everlasting spring abides,
> And never withering flowers."

But suppose that it did interfere with the first article, we should not be justified in charging the sacred writer with tautology. No, my brethren, there are cases in which there must be "line upon line, and precept upon precept; here a little and there

a little." When we wish to impress a thing, and to render it interesting, we reiterate it. How often does Handel repeat a single word, and how does he dwell on a note till the very soul seems steeped in the melody and the harmony! A speaker who is full of his subject will often be at a loss for words, and indulge in a kind, perhaps, of disorder and confusion, which will be always much more interesting than rule; for feeling is always superior to art. It is thus that the angels in heaven are represented as crying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Several of these words are synonymous; and this was intended; it was designed by inspiration to intimate, that angels themselves, proverbial for knowledge, are overpowered with the subject. They feel that the Saviour is

worthy of infinite adoration and praise; they feel themselves inadequate to the work; but they cannot be silent; and therefore they break out in a kind of confusion and tautology—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

IV. The last article furnished by Peter concerning this inheritance is, that it is "*reserved in heaven for us.*" And therefore it is safe; for there neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor do thieves break through and steal. Therefore it must be safe.

> "Minors of yesterday we are;
> Nor into manhood rise,
> Till death pronounces us of age,
> And crowns us for the skies."

Whatever "tabernacles you build" here, you will surely have to take them down again. As long as you remain here, however indulged, you will hear a voice

saying, "Arise, and depart hence, for this is not your rest." "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." Thus, when the Jews were in the wilderness, the inheritance which God had promised them was reserved in Canaan for them, and they could not reach it till they had passed the river Jordan. You, Christians, are now also in the wilderness, and the Jordan rolls between you and your inheritance. But you need not be afraid; He will be able to make every enemy as still as a stone while you are passing over. The foot of your High Priest will divide the stream, and give you a dry passage; and then you will have no objection for the streams to unite behind, and to exclude you forever from a world lying in wickedness and woe. You will feel that you have "gone the way whence you cannot return;" nor will you desire it.

"Jerusalem, the glorious,
The joy of the elect,
Oh! dear and future vision,
That eager hearts expect.
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en now thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

"And, now, we fight the battle,
And, then, we wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
O land that seest no sorrow!
O state that know'st no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!"

Heaven our Home.

By JAMES WONNACOTT,
OF HERTFORD.

"I am a stranger here;
No home, no rest I see;
Not all earth counts most dear
Can win a sigh from me—
I'm going home.

"Jesus, Thy home is mine,
And I, Thy Father's child,
With hopes and joys divine,
The world's a dreary wild—
I'm going home.

"Home! oh, how soft and sweet
It thrills upon the heart!
Home! where the brethren meet,
And never, never part—
I'm going home.

"Home! where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase of His love;
Home! where the Father waits
To welcome saints above—
I'm going home.

"Yes! when the world looks cold,
Which did my Lord revile,
A lamb within the fold,
I can look up and smile—
I'm going home."

JOHN xiv. 2.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

HOME! Charming word! What beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it. Over *home*, however lowly, there rests a sacred halo, whose beams radiate from the heart. Sweet, indeed, is the very name of home. I love that song, moral in its character, and enchanting in its tones. "Home, sweet home; there's no place like home;" and I love the music of those soul-thrilling strains—

"Home of my heart! my childhood's home,
Oh, dear art thou to me:
And wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
My heart still turns to thee."

Home being such a place of attraction

on earth, what a refreshing idea of the world above we shall have when we can consciously regard heaven as our home. "In my Father's house," (or home,) says our blessed Saviour, "are many mansions" —*many* mansions, but only *one* house, *one* Father, and *one* family.

Heaven for us is not a mere abstraction. It is not a brilliant paradise in a far-off country, which we shall enter as strangers, and in which—wandering amidst its oppressive magnificence, treading its golden courts, plucking its gorgeous fruits, and listening to its seraphic music—we may yet be liable in our isolation to feel the need of that human sympathy which did *something* to lighten our woes on earth. No, it is "our Father's house," where Christ, our elder brother, dwells; where all we love is clustered; and where the outflowings of parental affection will thrill and gladden. Death is not a journey into an

unknown land; it is the voyage *home*. We are going, not to a strange country, but to our Father's home, and among our own kith and kin. We go to join the whole household of faith, to sit down with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, martyrs, confessors, and saints. What a meeting there of parents and children, brothers and sisters, and death-divided friends!

> "E'en now by faith we join our hands
> With those that went before,
> And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
> On the eternal shore."

Isolation or separation will be unknown in heaven. It is not possible to be alone or lonely there. We shall see those whom we knew on earth, shall be permitted to embrace our children and our friends again with all the fervor of a pure and spiritual love. Oh, depend upon it, in a realm of perfect happiness, this will not be absent—to know and love again those we

have known and loved below. Our earthly attachments, like our earthly bodies, will not be destroyed, but *purified* —all in them that is unfit for heaven will be taken away, the rest will remain. There no suspicion will weaken confidence and lessen trust; no disagreement in opinion cause dissension; no conspiring circumstances cause discord. Happy in himself, each one will, by *social intercourse*, add to the happiness of another. There will be no separate interest in heaven. The glory of each will be the glory of all, and the glory of all will be the bliss of each. How many heavens we shall have! Truly we shall be happy enough since we can enjoy the happiness of all them that are there.

Oh, what is the society of the dearest of earthly relations—of counsellors, nobles, and monarchs—of the wisest and the best of men on earth,—when compared with

the fellowship of the spirits of just men made perfect—of angels who never fell, and whose minds are enriched with all the sciences of heaven—and of heaven—and of the Triune-God, the fountain of all excellence, the source of all blessedness?

"O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet;
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
The Church of the First-born,
We shall with them be bless'd;
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest."

Heaven is not only a world of social intercourse, but a place of sweet *repose.* The home which heaven offers to us is, to the day of our life, what the home of one single Christian family is to every member of the family at the end of each day's round of worldly toil. It is a delightful resting-place—the reward well won by Christ working *in* us and *for* us, of a well-spent life. Can there be a higher incen-

tive to justice, and honesty, and activity in God's service, for the few years of our stay in this world, than the sure hope that we shall reach at last a final home in heaven, transcending far the brightest of those abodes of domestic happiness which we are willing to labor so hard to found and to sustain upon earth?

There is rest—perfect, complete, everlasting rest—in our heavenly home. Rest from grief, rest from bereavement, rest from decay, rest from separation, rest from penury, rest from toil, rest from all that glooms the spirits, and breaks the heart, and agonizes the affections, is the lot of the blessed in their home in heaven.

Heaven, as our home, will not only be a place where grief, and suffering, and labor will be at an end, but it will be a place where we shall be employed in what we take most delight in. Our work will be a labor of love which never wearies.

Our conversation will be on topics with which we are familiar, and which we take most pleasure in discussing. Heaven, therefore, can be a home to none but those who have learned to know and love God. Unless we feel "at home" with God's people, God's book, and God's works on earth, we cannot expect ever to be at home in heaven. We are born heirs of heaven, but we must be educated in the law of inheritance before we can establish our title. Christ, at His death, left the patrimonial estate of heaven as an eternal home for every son of man; but the taking possession is an act of our own to be accomplished in due time; and if we come of age, and leave this world and all the things of our nonage without learning to put to use the means He has given us of making good our right, we shall assuredly forfeit that right forever.

Does this necessity of self-exertion to

fit ourselves for entering and enjoying the home of heaven imply any strangely difficult task for us? By no means. Men and women seldom find themselves hard tasked to love their earthly homes. The love of home grows naturally without any effort on their part. The longer they live at home, the more they are attached to it. The Christian's home above is a sublimation of all that is good and enjoyable in his home below, every jarring element being excluded. Accepting God's Spirit and Word as our guides here, the Christian will find his love of a heavenly home and capacity for enjoying it to grow with his growth, and become strengthened as the end approaches; and when he finds himself beneath the portals of the everlasting home of the righteous, it will be with the feeling of the laborer who joins wife and children at sun-down, "*This is what I have all day been looking for.*"

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